

Clarion Calls
from
Capitol Hill

William D. Upshaw

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CLARION CALLS
from
CAPITOL HILL

Presented to—

Sennior Rhyme College

With a "New Year
God bless you" for
every student who
reads these
pages,
from

The Author,

Wm. D. Upshaw

1929.



Yours for Sober Officials
and Sober Citizens,
W. D. Upshaw

CLARION CALLS

from

CAPITOL HILL

BY

HON. WILLIAM D. UPSHAW

*Congressman from the Fifth District of the State of Georgia
to the United States House of Representatives*



NEW YORK

CHICAGO

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TO
MY FIRSTBORN, MARGARET ADELINE,
ON HER TENTH BIRTHDAY.

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MY VISION *

I sometimes catch a flitting gleam
Of heights I long to reach ;
I sometimes feel the swelling stream
Of thoughts beyond my speech,—
I sometimes soar on Fancy's wing
Or climb on golden staff,
To where the silent Muses sing
And worldly crowns are chaff,—

I sometimes tread the stellar plain
Above earth's jarring din,
And catch, I ween, the heavenly strain
Of notes ne'er marred by sin ;
And at such times I cry "A voice !
A voice to break the spell
That others, with me, may rejoice
In thoughts too deep to tell !"

* Written for "The Mercerian" in 1898 when the author was a student at Mercer University, Macon, Georgia.

FOREWORD

THE demand for the publication of a volume of my addresses has been, speaking very frankly, quite as insistent in my own heart as it has been on the part of the public. This generous insistence from many friends and strangers has run through many years. Since my election to Congress four years ago, and especially since my discussion of questions of vital public interest on the floor of the House, and before representative gatherings of patriotic citizens in various parts of the country, requests for publication have come with such increasing volume that my decision to accede to them has been made with little or no time either for review or revision.

I have been glad to leave, in part, the selection of addresses to the clear judgment of my publishers who are known to have ideals as well as experience. I am genuinely glad of their decision not to delete the interruptions made by my honored colleagues, for this feature helps the reader at a distance to get the setting, catch the spirit, and enter into intimate fellowship with the speaker in each address.

Concerning the religious addresses included in

these pages, and which were reported stenographically, let me say that they are not published as model statements of "systematic theology," but simply as earnest messages from the heart of a Christian man, delivered with the burning purpose to do good. They are given here, in the informal setting in which they were delivered, in order to bring the reader in close touch with the messenger and the message.

When a reporter from The Washington Herald came to the Capitol, and asked me why I was doing such an unusual thing—"beginning your Congressional career by holding evangelistic meetings?" I gave him, in substance, the following answer:

First: I am an evangelist as well as a Congressman, because I believe in the old-fashioned Bible which teaches that "godliness is profitable for all things, having the promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come."

Second: Because all the laws made on Capitol Hill by day will fall like chaff to the ground unless they are planted in character, and the place to grow enduring character is on the Rock of Ages.

Third: Because it is a refreshing variation from the tedium of law-making to turn aside, at night, for Christian fellowship with good people.

Fourth: Because I have a "heap more fun" spending my evenings trying to comfort old age and inspire youth towards a Christian life than I would

have going to a theater ; and it is none of the Devil's "blooming" business, *how* I spend my leisure hours while in Washington.

In a spirit of dedication and consecration, therefore, I reverently and prayerfully send out this volume from Capitol Hill to the hearts and homes of God-fearing patriots everywhere, who rejoice in the reign of that righteousness which exalteth a nation.

WILLIAM D. UPSHAW

Atlanta, Ga.

Washington, D. C.

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I

“AN ALL-EMBRACING AMERICANISM”

Delivered on Memorial Day, May 30, 1919

(First Speech Made in Congress)

MR. UPSHAW. Mr. Speaker and gentlemen of the House, the inspiration of such an hour as this is all-compelling. Vital and patriotic as are the demands of routine legislation to which we address ourselves every day, it seems, after all, that it would almost profane the holy impact of this Memorial Day if the wheels of necessary legislation were to grind steadily on without our pausing as the grateful lawmakers of a grateful Nation, to lay our tribute of love, and maybe of tears, at the feet of the living and on the graves of the dead who offered their all for the safety of America and the freedom of the world.

Frankly, I am yet just a bit under that feeling of repression which any brand-new Member of Congress feels when he has any measure of commendable modesty in his soul, and under this feeling of restraint I first declined when I was invited by his honor, our beloved Minority Leader, Mr. Clark,

to have some part in the patriotic utterances of this hour. But I soon "moved to reconsider" when I thought of the fact that a declination in favor of the older members might mark me as recreant to the first call of duty; and if I know my heart I came here, as Henry Grady used to say, "with a sense of consecration," determined, in the language of the country-school patron, to "sign for a full scholar" as a Member of the Sixty-sixth Congress. And to be right honest about it, Mr. Speaker, I plead guilty to the soft impeachment of loving to make a speech when I have something to say. I came by it naturally. My father, who was a teacher as well as a farmer, was a cross between a Frenchman, an Englishman, and an Irishman, and my mother (bless her heart!) was a full-blooded woman, and I just had to talk when I reached this mundane sphere.

A SACRED CALL TO AMERICANISM

Ever since that hour at high noon on the 4th of March, when I was born a Member of this historic body, I have felt that I would love for my first speech in this House to be an earnest plea for an all-embracing Americanism. No one who was present can ever forget that hour. When the swing and the sweep of the patriotic war songs were yet upon the audience, when we had sung "America" and "The Star-Spangled Banner" with a zest and a spirit it seemed, I had never heard before, when that mighty audience had been electrified beyond the power of

words by that wonderful voice in the gallery that rang out like a silver bell above the chorus of thousands—

Turn the dark clouds inside out
Till the boys come home—

and then when somebody devoutedly called for a serious note, and Uncle Joe Cannon—God bless him—sent the request that was a sermon from his honored gray hairs, for us to sing "God be with you 'til we meet again," and tears, crystal with the light of the skies, flashed answer in a thousand eyes, with many Congressmen not ashamed of this tender evidence of reverence and love, I was gripped and swayed and "made over" by a scene that will make me a better American forevermore. I saw Republicans and Democrats, who but an hour before had been glaring at each other, scolding at each other across party lines, now merged into one great American brotherhood of God-fearing patriotism that would have made glad the spirits of Washington and Lafayette; of Abraham Lincoln, the typical American; and Henry W. Grady, who died, as John Temple Graves eloquently said, "literally loving a nation into peace"—I tell you, my colleagues, it was enough to make these enthroned and immortal spirits, "who rule us from their urns," foregather yonder in the citadel of the eternities and lift a new voice of praise and thanksgiving to the God of Nations! [Applause.]

And I came away from the holy impulses of that high and ardent hour, determined that I would never make a bitter, narrow, partisan speech on the floor of this house. [Applause.] And while I am a Democrat, without apology, and know why I am what I am, and while I expect to stand uncringingly for the fundamentals of my political faith, I here and now declare, what every other patriot in this House must surely feel, that the cardinal tenet of my congressional creed will be an unselfish stand for 100 per cent Americanism and an emancipated humanity.

I endorse with all heartiness what I heard a great and good man say the other day—that he believed that the supremest need of this reconstruction Congress was a party armistice at least for the period of reconstruction legislation—a season when that intrepid spirit of fellowship that made young Democrats and young Republicans, scions of the bravest American sires, charge side by side at Chateau-Thierry and up through the Argonne Forest against a common foe, may have opportunity here to do its perfect work as we build together for the future of America and the safety of all mankind. [Applause.]

That was a high day in American fellowship, a new era, if you will, in the prophecy of upward-reaching humanity, when William Howard Taft, a former Republican President, and Woodrow Wilson, the present Democratic President, walked arm

in arm on the same platform in New York and blended their honest hearts and mighty voices in behalf of peace for a war-stricken, sorrowing world. [Applause.] What a splendid picture (if war is ever splendid) when the legions of liberty became the legions of God as they fought side by side for the overthrow of selfish autocracy in order that the nuptials of Peace and Liberty might be celebrated in the Temple of Happiness among the children of men. And how much more splendid, surely the Prince of Peace must see, when the emancipated, enlightened nations of earth shall clasp their hands in a sacred covenant that swords shall be beaten into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks, while the hungry heart of a forward-looking humanity shall climb daily upward in subjective and objective development—

"Upward toward the better through God's restless tide of years."

Inasmuch as many honest but mistaken Americans in both parties have forgotten the issues involved long enough, and the path by which peace was won long enough, to call for America's President to stay away from the peace table during the most eventful crisis in the history of mankind, I find myself greatly inclined to ask these gentlemen, in all good fellowship, if they have forgotten who is the Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy of this Republic? And I would like to know if it is not the right

and the duty of the Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy to go where the Army and Navy have already gone for the glory of the American flag and the battling legions of eternal right? [Applause.]

And I believe, too, that we face the challenge of a new national vigilance for the proper guardianship of that red-blooded Americanism which we champion to-day. Because I believe with Emerson that America is God's last best national effort in behalf of the human race; because I believe that these American ideals should be kept pure and inviolate for all that they may mean to this Nation and humanity, I believe that in the reconstruction guardianship of the fruits of our victory no friend of Prussian autocracy and no sympathizer with a godless and a flagless Bolshevism should be allowed to set foot on American soil for a thousand years. [Applause.] This is not a narrow policy; this is simply a sane application of the doctrine of "safety first." And for the sake of this "safety first" I believe that the 10,000,000 aliens in this country who have been content to seek their fortunes under the protecting ægis of the American flag, but who have refused to be assimilated by American ideals, should be dug up to the very last man and made to kiss the American flag that protects them or go back to the lands from which they came. [Applause.] For, Mr. Speaker, in the language of Mark Bolding, one of my brilliant college mates of Mercer University, "there is no

place beneath the American flag for the heart that does not love it and the arm that will not defend it."

THE BIRTH OF A NEW PATRIOTISM

Thoughtful men and women are everywhere agreed that despite our baptism of sorrow, in which so many stars of service have been turned into stars of gold, America and Americans emerge from their part in the greatest war of history infinitely richer in our subjective life and infinitely stronger in the affections of mankind than if we had stood aloof while Freedom shrieked and Democracy wept and died. We have had the birth of a new patriotism. Time was when we looked upon the Stars and Stripes as a beautifully decorated flag, fit only to be given to the breezes on the 22nd of February and the Fourth of July; but now, since this flag has been dipped in human tears, drenched in human sorrow, and consecrated afresh by American blood, we look upon our flag with a new devotion—often through "a mellowed mist of tears"—as the insignia of a Nation's hopes and the emblem, thank God, of freedom everywhere. We have also had the birth of *a new national solidarity*. It can never again be "North" and "South," as it used to be. Four boys in khaki stood on the sidewalk one night as I came down from my office in Atlanta. Throughout the war I made it a rule, as many of you did, to shake hands with soldiers on every side, and say to them, "I could not go to the front and fight, my boy,

but I can give a hand-shake, wrapped up in a 'God bless you' to the boy who went or was ready to go for me. I shake hands with you for your mother and your country and hope you will be a soldier of the cross as well as a soldier of the flag."

And may I turn aside to say just here, Mr. Speaker, that I know but one thing more beautiful in all the world than the American flag, and that is the American boy in uniform, who was willing to die to keep that flag floating over your home and mine. [Applause.] And I believe that the man who was "ready and rearing to go" is just as much a hero in spirit as the man who went over the top.

But back to my boys on the sidewalk. "Where are you from?" I asked of one. "Georgia," was the reply. "And you?" I asked of the second. "Georgia," came the answer. "And you?" I asked of No. 3. And with a voice as sharp as a knife blade he answered, "New York State." And the same answer came from No. 4. And then I put my arms around them all as near as I could and said: "This is one of the beautiful compensations that the war has brought—the sons of those that followed Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson and the sons of those that followed Grant and Sherman fighting side by side for one common flag and fraternizing together in a happy quartette of beautiful faith and friendship." This, Mr. Speaker, is the new-born Nation that we have to-day. And the last capstone in the temple of our new national fellowship will

be laid in wonder and in joy—the wonder of the onlooking world and the joy of the children of all the gallant soldiers of the sixties who fought and fell on either side—when this Government shall declare that there shall be no longer any lines of cleavage between the loyal sons of "Uncle Sam"—that the same pension benefits shall be shared alike by the Blue and the Gray—for the fast-thinning lines of the soldiers of the South, "grizzled, grand, and gray," have marched in un murmuring loyalty for half a hundred years to the Treasury of the Nation and helped to pay the pensions of their victorious brothers—yea, and have proven the limit of their unfailing Americanism by giving their sons and their grandsons through two victorious wars on the altar, thank God, of our common flag. [Applause.]

NEW WORLD VISION AND FELLOWSHIP

And we have brought out of the war another great blessing in the birth of a new world vision and fellowship, for we have learned that America can no more "draw her immaculate robes aside" and live apart from the rest of the world, either ethically or commercially, than China could build a wall around herself and live without national stagnation and international death.

But if I were called on to pack within one sentence humanity's greatest victory as the result of this war I would declare that it is a new discovery of the value of humanity itself. Through the weary

centuries human life has been a chattel. A star-chamber session of kings and kinglets—a flip of a coin or a turn of the thumb—and nations, without warrant, without inclination, and without consultation, have been thrown at each other's throats before the rising of another sun. That day, thank God, is forever gone. And it is America's proud boast and her priceless heritage that she has helped to decree that never again shall small and helpless nations be changed overnight on the checkerboard of kings. But I believe, Mr. Speaker and gentlemen of the House, that the greatest compensation that has come to America's inner life has been the birth of a new unselfishness and a new spiritual power. "Others," "others," "others"—this is the new word, or, rather, the old word, that has received a new meaning in the American vocabulary. It has been written anew on the lintels of the American heart and on the burnished ceiling of the American sky. [Applause.]

The sweetest story that has come to me among all the wonderful stories of faith and heroism that the war has furnished was brought by a wounded soldier fresh from France. He told my friend, Dr. W. F. Powell, pastor of the First Baptist Church, of Asheville, of how a brave American boy had told him and his companions on the deck of the ship and around the camp fire in France of his last day with his mother in America—how they went together to church and sat together at the Lord's table. Together they heard the minister say, again

and again, "This is my body broken for you." And then that brave American mother said as her first-born son went away: "It is breaking my heart for you to go, my son, but it would break it worse, far worse, for you not to want to go. If you must die in freedom's cause, remember that your sacrifice is well pleasing to your Master, whose sacrificial death you commemorated to-day." Over the top the brave boy went, was shot to pieces in No Man's Land, and was carried bleeding and dying to the emergency hospital, where Red Cross nurses and doctors supplied by your unselfish love, bent over him with tender ministries to the very gates of death. And when one of the doctors came out of the death chamber he smiled through his tears and said: "You can't tell me—I know that that Christian soldier saw his Savior face to face before he died. I saw him when he recognized his Redeemer standing by his bedside." And that brave Christian soldier, casting his eyes, fast hazing with the film of death, on his own broken and bleeding form, smiled like the dawn of the heaven into which he was going and said: "Lord Jesus, this is my body broken for you."

Ah, men and women of America, rejoicing to-day in our blood-bought freedom, let us determine as individual units in our great new-born national fellowship, in our measureless mission to the sons and daughters of men, that if our soldiers were ready to break their bodies for us and for humanity we shall be ready to break our purses and all our selfish

ideals in order that America may be kept clean for them—for those who come back to us in buoyant manhood or stagger back to us maimed or blind, reaching out their hands for encouragement from the Nation for which they offered their all. We have learned that if it required a sober soldier to fight well it will require a sober citizen to live well, and teaching this vital lesson to the nations now newborn in their freedom from autocracy, but still shackled by the slavery of drink, is America's new mission to the peoples who have been set free.

It was a high note, Mr. Speaker, in the address of the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Madden] when he declared that the cost of this war—this colossal task thrust upon an unprepared and pacific Nation—is all forgotten in the glory of the victory that has been won. And it ill becomes any full-orbed American now to be speaking in deprecating terms about the *cost*, the *COST*, the *COST* of the war!!! or the faults of this officer or the mistakes of that statesman who made an honest effort to win the war! One superintendent of cantonments put the general case strongly to me when he said: "We were not told to see how much money we could save, but how rapidly we could mobilize and train and transport men in order to quickly win the war." And the citizen or the politician who thinks and talks in an hour like this, more of the cost of war than the glory of victory, should spend his earthly all for a telescope that would help him to discover and magnify

the spots on the sun—shutting his eyes to the glory about him, instead of thanking God for the light of the sun, and walking amid that light and splendor into the teeming duties and responsibilities of the new-born day. *Ours the challenge! Ours the cost! Ours the victory!* And to the sacred guardianship of the fruits of that victory we pledge again on this National Memorial Day "our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

This, Mr. Speaker, will be our most fitting, our most grateful memorial of our heroic sons whose deathless valor we commemorate to-day!
[Applause.]

II

FLAG DAY ADDRESS ON LABOR, LIQUOR, AND THE PEACE OF HUMANITY

Saturday, June 14, 1919

MR. UPSHAW. Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the committee, the fact that the House is in Committee of the Whole House on the state of the Union makes it not inopportune, I hope, for me to speak briefly on three questions now challenging the interest of the American people—labor, liquor, and the peace of humanity. [Applause.]

The demonstration before the Capitol to-day, purporting to be the voice of American organized labor in behalf of "lager beer" in general and protesting against war-time prohibition in particular, precipitates this unexpected utterance on the floor of the House. [Applause.] This is Flag Day. I love the Stars and Stripes with a new devotion. I love to sing "America" and "The Star-Spangled Banner," whose inspiring strains have been floating to us on the breeze from the demonstration just outside the Capitol. But the stars lose part of their beauty and the stripes a part of their glory and the inspiration of the Star-Spangled Banner is decidedly abridged

when these patriotic songs and our national emblem are employed, as they are to-day, to help continue the baleful influence of German brewers in America and to encourage the alcoholic debauchery of the workingmen of this country. [Applause.] As the proven friend of the workingman I am utterly unwilling for this "wet" demonstration to be made anywhere in America, and especially on the steps of the Capitol of my country, without registering my vigorous protest. Speaking for the labor men whom I have the honor to represent, from one of the largest districts in the South, or even the Nation, I here and now indict the scenes enacted on the Capitol grounds to-day, not as a labor demonstration, but a "libel demonstration" in favor of the workingman's greatest enemy. No workingman was ever made a better laborer, a better husband and father, or a better citizen of our country by his personal or his political acquaintance with a liquor shop or a beer saloon. And I have several statements and a telegram here proving that this demonstration, led by Mr. Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, does not represent the native-born, sober workingmen of the section from which I come. The following telegram speaks for itself:

ATLANTA, GA., *May 24, 1919.*

HON. WILLIAM D. UPSHAW, M. C.,

Washington, D. C.:

Organized labor here stands unitedly opposed to the Gompers proposal on wine and beer. Public senti-

ment feels that the world has been dominated long enough by beer-drinking Huns and wine-drinking Austrians. Gompers does not represent the conscience of the native-born laboring man of America on this question.

MR. BRITTEN. Will the gentleman yield?

MR. UPSHAW. Certainly.

MR. BRITTEN. The gentleman failed to give the name of the sender of that telegram.

MR. UPSHAW. It was purely an oversight. I am delighted to do so. I thank the gentleman for the suggestion. The telegram was sent by John W. Ham, pastor of the Baptist Tabernacle, one of the most influential "people's churches" in the South.

MR. BRITTEN. Most of the members of the committee understood the telegram was from some labor leader or some labor organization.

MR. UPSHAW. Mr. Ham is the declared and proven defender of organized labor in Atlanta. [Applause.]

And since this demonstration in favor of beer saloons comes from the same source that opposed the national banishment of liquor saloons on the same specious ground of "personal liberty," I give here several statements affecting the attitude of union labor on the general question of prohibition:

STATE OF WASHINGTON

I was opposed to the passage of the prohibition act

in this State. To the great body of our workingmen, however, the law has been a distinct blessing.

H. P. MARCH,
President Washington State Federation of Labor.

COLORADO

I voted against prohibition. I am now irrevocably opposed to the saloon. You could not dig up a corporal's guard of trade-unionists who would vote for a return of the saloon.

WILLIAM C. THORNTON,
President Denver Trades and Labor Assembly.

ARIZONA

Arizona workers are certainly better morally and financially than they were before prohibition was adopted.

JOHN L. DONNELLY,
President Arizona State Federation of Labor.

OREGON

Since the bone-dry law went into effect, "a rich man's law" is seldom referred to. I might say that if the question of repealing the present law in Oregon and going back to the saloons was left to a vote of the union men only, that the State would be so dry that none in 100 years would try to "wet" it up again.

W. B. SOMERVILLE,
Oregon Labor Leader.

Now, allow me to say, gentlemen of the committee, that I honor Mr. Gompers as a great patriotic American—that I have genuine admiration for his

proven qualities of leadership; but I count it very unfortunate for him to thus oppose a wholesome law intended to guard the homes and the sobriety of American citizenship—a law that has fought its way to victory after more than 50 years of consecrated effort, and which has been put on the statute books of the Nation by the overwhelming will of the American people. Democracy has spoken. The demonstration which he heads to-day can have but one effect, and that is to discourage the enforcement of a law which won through the channels of genuine democracy and which is as constitutional in its enactment as it is safe and righteous in its effect. [Applause.] And this protest against a clean and righteous law already on the statute books of our country by the due processes of constitutional government is as brimful of futile folly as if the people of my own loyal Southland were to be holding demonstrations to protest against the issues settled by the “un-civil” war. The South was game—but the South is loyal. Even so, let the liquor forces be game losers, if they do not want a question point put after their patriotism—game enough and loyal enough to be bravely acquiescent before the compelling voice of democracy and the unyielding mandates of a wholesome law that is the constitutional fruitage of a victory fairly won.

NOT FAIR TO WORKINGMEN

I love the cause of labor too well to see the rank

and file of the sober workingmen of this country misrepresented on this great moral and economic question. Permit me to say that I was elected to Congress on the platform of "a square deal to labor and capital" and that many labor leaders in my home city of Atlanta came to me unsought and offered me their support because they said that they felt they could trust a man who had given 25 years of work with tongue and pen to the cause of human uplift. I expect to redeem that faith by my every vote on the floor of this House. Openly and everywhere I took the position in my campaign that a square deal to labor and capital meant a deal that would cut both ways—absolute squareness and fairness to employer and employee.

I am a friend of regulated capital because I am a friend to humanity, because it requires capital to compensate labor and turn the wheels of commercial, moral, and civic progress. But I make apology to no man for saying that if the time ever comes when I am compelled to struggle in an effort to see my duty while even-handed justice is hanging in the balance between labor and capital, like the hero of Scotia's bard, "Whose failings leaned to Virtue's side," my natural and legislative sympathies will always be for the man in overalls and the man between the plow handles as twin builders of our civilization. I reaffirm the undisputed fact that if wealth has a right to organize for its own increase and protection, certainly labor which produces all

wealth has an equal right to assemble its only capital—the horns on its hands and the beads on its brow—to guarantee its own safety in any hour of stress or challenge. But even as no man has a right to coerce labor, I contend from the equal principle of American freedom that organized labor has no right to coerce any man who elects, in the exercise of his priceless American liberty, not to join the ranks of organized labor. Mistaken as he may be, he has the full right to enjoy the fruitage of his mistake and to work for an honest living wherever opportunity offers. And in vindication of this fundamental principle of freedom I deny the right of any lodge in Washington or anywhere else to fine any member for not attending this lager-beer demonstration to-day on the Capitol grounds, as was recently published in one of the Washington papers. The whole position of Mr. Gompers and his “wet” comrades in protest is nothing less than a restatement of the old worn-out doctrine of “personal liberty and regulation” concerning the liquor traffic, and over against it we answer that “personal liberty ends where public injury begins.” To that “personal liberty” that demands a license for personal and public debauchery we offer the incontestible supremacy of organized law over individual liberty. The law has spoken in America; let liquorized protests forever cease. [Applause.] And the stock argument about “regulation” has been shot to pieces on a thousand forums and proven futile in 10,000 communities in America,

where the outraged people have risen in the glory and sanity of their democracy and demanded, not the regulation and protection, but the *extermination* of an evil that prospers only on the downfall of its most constant patrons. Two and three-quarter per cent beer saloons—only three-quarter per cent less than most of the standard beer with which German brewers have so long debauched much of the citizenship and the politics of America—would prove all over the country what we found them to be in Atlanta—the rendezvous of idleness and drunkenness and the unblushing cloak of stronger intoxicants. Near-beer saloons became real beer saloons and a few “personal liberty” locker clubs multiplied speedily, as Dr. Charles W. Daniel, of Atlanta, said at the time, into “Eagles and Owls and Beavers and Buzzards” [applause], where the young manhood, and, alas, sometimes the young womanhood, of the city and the State were debauched in defiance of law both day and night. For six or seven years the wet minority thus defied the dry majority until we were compelled to call a special session of the legislature and break every jug and burst every bottle and roll every barrel of beer into the sounding sea. Talk about regulating a drinking saloon, you might as well try to regulate a polecat in a Maryland swamp or a Georgia forest. [Applause.] There is just one way to regulate the liquor traffic, you must regulate it like you would regulate a rattlesnake—smash its head forevermore with national constitu-

tional prohibition, and then leave not one camouflaged beer saloon on the American continent as an open door for all the evils of drink, a saloon that will rob labor of its honest toil, strike the crust from the lips of many a starving child, drive the roses from the cheeks of a one-time happy wife and mother, stifle the music in countless thousands of American homes, and then seek to continue its defiant wreckage by corrupting our politics and making cowards of the politicians that stand sponsor for its trail of slime and crime. [Applause.]

The friend of the continuance of beer saloons under our national prohibition law is—unwittingly, perhaps, but none the less in reality—the friend of the German brewers, who have proven themselves without either patriotism or character in the hour of our national crisis. Labor for the most part was grandly loyal to the American flag in our battle with a foreign foe, and I call for an everlasting divorcement between the American workingman and the German brewers in this country. This is national Flag Day, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the committee, and it is fitting that all patriotic men and women should stand without equivocation for the undisputed supremacy of “a stainless flag.”

NONPARTISAN FELLOWSHIP IN A COVENANT OF NATIONS

And just as the guardianship of sobriety and justice to the workingman are nonpolitical in essence

and in spirit, even so we should likewise have non-partisan fellowship in our humanitarian efforts to guarantee the happiness of humanity in the peace of the world. That spirit of Americanism and broad humanity which caused William Howard Taft and Woodrow Wilson to walk arm in arm on the same platform and blend their efforts for the peace of humanity, is surely ready to believe and declare in all honesty and frankness that America's great President has done his best—his tireless best—for the safety of the United States of America and the peace and happiness of mankind. [Applause.] In this connection, Mr. Chairman, I pay special tribute to a recent cogent and comprehensive analysis of the international ethics involved in a covenant of nations to guarantee peace, by Hon. Alex. W. Smith, a great lawyer, publicist, and patriot of my home city, Atlanta, and, irrespective of political lines of cleavage, every man who loves America and America's mission to humanity will find himself enriched by this scholarly and patriotic utterance.

I wish to declare my utter disagreement with the conclusions of Senators Reed and Sherman that a covenant of nations for enduring peace would endanger white supremacy and give the Vatican controlling power.

This effort to put a "nigger in the woodpile," in order to stir up opposition in the South is as groundless as it is futile. The nations that dominated the peace conference will dominate the compact of the

Allies. And there is no more danger of "black supremacy" or a "yellow peril" than there is of "black supremacy" in America, and especially in the Anglo-Saxon South.

As for the scare of Vatican influence, I am quick to say that if such a thing were probable or even possible, I would let the memory of Vatican supremacy during the "dark ages" place me in violent opposition to the league; but when it is remembered that Catholic Belgium and Catholic France, and even Italy, which hurled the Pope from his temporal throne on the Tiber, fought side by side with Protestant England and Protestant America against Catholic Austria and thousands of Catholics in Germany, and that Austria, the most intensely Catholic nation in Europe, was ground to powder; when we remember that the Vatican has been shorn of its temporal power by every nation in Europe, both Catholic and Protestant; when we remember that Irish Catholics widely over the world oppose this compact because it failed to provide for the freedom of Catholic Ireland; and when we remember that the Vatican sought and sought in vain for even a seat at the peace table, it is as clear as the noonday sun that the claim of Vatican domination in this international agreement is as foolish as it is false. Packed into one sentence this covenant of nations—dreamed of by Grant, prophesied by Roosevelt, formulated by Woodrow Wilson, backed by William Howard Taft and William J. Bryan, and executed

by the assembled wisdom of a war-torn humanity and a war-weary world—simply means that America will rejoice to have permanent fellowship in peace and for peace with the noble, suffering nations by whose side, in spirit and in blood, we have fought for the abiding triumph of universal right. [Applause.]

III

EDUCATION FOR WOUNDED SOLDIERS

Tuesday, July 15, 1919

MR. UPSHAW. Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the committee, I stand for the man on crutches [applause] not because I happen to be on crutches myself, but because there is a pathos of appeal in any man who faces life with a handicap. If a crowd of newsboys on the street come to me to sell papers, the little fellow who is crippled gets the sale of even more than one if I happen to have the change.

I want to emphasize what was said by the gentleman from Ohio [Mr. Fess]. If it be true that the highest salary to be paid to the man at the head of this vocational training has been reduced to only \$6,000, I am heartily in favor of increasing it. I believe that any man who is big enough and great enough to direct a work as great as this ought certainly to receive as much pay as any Member of this Congress. If Dr. Prosser, to whom such high tribute has just been paid by the gentleman from Ohio, was commanding \$10,000 a year as an expert before coming to this vocational training leadership,

this Government ought not to expect such sacrifice of him. We owe our wounded soldier boys the best that money can buy.

We are inspired to do our best for these soldiers when we think of so many men and women who have fought their way through life with a handicap, and have been a blessing to the world. When we think of how the greatest history of Mexico was written by Prescott, a man who was blind; when we think of Alexander H. Stephens inspiring this House and ruling his State from the throne of his rolling chair; when we think of Joe F. Sullivan, of Arkansas and Michigan, brilliant editor of the Hospital School Journal and author of "The Unheard Cry," who cannot walk a step; when we think of blind but plucky and gifted Paul Donehoo of Atlanta, able lawyer and successful public official; when we think of David Guyton, blind from childhood but one of the most brilliant educators of Blue Mountain College in Mississippi; when we think of Fanny J. Crosby, blind from childhood, writing songs for the comfort of millions of hearts on earth, and which, I think, must be sung among the hosts of the redeemed; when we think of our honored colleague, Mr. Schall, of Minnesota, who leans on his staff and with sightless eyes catches visions of beauty and of patriotism that make him an inspiration to us all; and when we think of these brave spirits who were willing to give their all, who come back to us with armless sleeves or staggering on crutches, or

with sightless eyes, reaching their hands to the Nation for which they were ready to give their lives, I want to go on record, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the committee, as standing for everything, and perhaps a little more, that these brave boys need. When one faculty is lost the others are intensified, and it is wonderful and inspiring to contemplate how a man who has been maimed in body can have his remaining faculties developed in power and efficiency, but expert training is necessary to that development, and I stand unequivocally for this appropriation, and for anything else that may be necessary to help these brave heroes under handicap do their efficient best for themselves and for the Nation that loves them so well. [Applause.]

IV

COME TO THE HEART OF DIXIE

(Inviting Congress to the Confederate Reunion in
Atlanta)

Come to Atlanta, the most famous city of a quarter of a million people on the American Continent; . . . come to the heart of "Dixie," where the white snows of billowing fields of cotton melt into the music of millions of spindles that sing the jubilant song of American prosperity as they clothe the sons and daughters of the habitable globe.

October 2, 1919

MR. UPSHAW. Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the House, bidden by that impulse of hospitality which is proverbial among the people of my State and section, I have come to ask each and every one of my colleagues in Congress to pay us a neighborly visit. October 7-10 the great Confederate reunion will meet in Atlanta, Ga. Some have thought that it may be the last meeting ever held because of the fact that the veterans are growing so old and feeble, and that the remnant of the "fast-thinning lines of gray" grows smaller with every setting sun. Speaking for my whole State, and

especially for my own great capital city—an invitation in which all of my Georgia colleagues heartily join—I lay at the feet—may I say at the door of the heart—of every Congressman a cordial invitation to attend this reunion and find out personally, if you are so poor as not to know, just what an old-time southern welcome is like.

One of our honored and eloquent colleagues, Mr. Collier, of Mississippi, is to respond to the address of welcome for the Sons of Confederate Veterans; for the gallant sons are to meet and mingle during this festal week amid the inspiring fellowship of their gallant sires.

We want you to come because we want you to come. [Laughter.] We want you to come for our sakes in order that we may have the blessing and inspiration that would come from your splendid presence; and then, very frankly, we want you to come for your own sakes, for we want you to know what it means to look at the heroic forms and tottering steps of our hero fathers who never trembled when carrying burdens and facing hardships for the States they honored and the people they loved; we want you to look into their faces—before they so soon pass away; faces that are “grizzled, grand, and gray,” and dearer even than when they dashed, like the charge of the Light Brigade, into the battle’s blazing hell. We find ourselves wondering with what a dower and a shower of devotion the South will throw its clinging arms of love about the

last survivor of the cause for which Robert E. Lee fought and Stonewall Jackson fell—the last Confederate soldier whose wrinkled brow, fanned by the breezes of Beulah Land, waits for the summons to “cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees.” But before they all hear the call to the Eternal Camping Ground, we want you to see eye to eye and face to face these brave old patriots, but yesterday the knightly soldiers of the Stars and Bars—game losers in a tournament nobler far than ever shattered lance at Camelot or Stirling, and now, thank God, soldiers in spirit and defenders in fact of all the rippling beauty and glory of the Stars and Stripes. [Applause.] We want you to see these patriots and patriarchs who were true enough to stand for convictions of government dearer than life, and who were brave enough and wise enough in the aftermath of a providential defeat to teach their sons around their family altars to love the flag of their reunited country. [Applause.]

God willing—and I want you all to hear this—I would love to be living when the last survivor of the Gray and the last survivor of the Blue shall be brought here within these sacred walls, and clasping hands in a beautiful fellowship which only true soldiers on both sides can understand, let them cement with their latest word and their latest deed the once sundered sections in a glorious spirit of national love that would put the last sectional partisan to a stammering hush and crown within this

temple of patriotism "a national glory and grandeur without a parallel in the annals of ages." [Applause.]

VISIT ATLANTA BEFORE GOING TO HEAVEN

Come to Atlanta, my colleagues, and see there the statue of Henry W. Grady, the great seer, statesman, and pacificator, who died "literally loving a Nation into peace." Come to Atlanta and see revolving about that statue the activities of a great city amid whose bricks and mortar, as Grady declared in his New England dinner speech that so mightily touched and stirred the Nation's heart, "There is not buried one single bitter prejudice—not one ignoble memory." [Applause.] Come to Atlanta for your own sakes as well as ours, for you do not want to go to heaven, you do not want to walk the streets of the New Jerusalem, until you have walked the streets of Atlanta, the most famous city of a quarter of a million people on the American continent; a city whose very curbstones are surcharged with the electricity of progress, and beneath the ambient blue of whose arching skies there grow, surely, the bravest men and the fairest women on whom the sun ever shone, for we believe, Mr. Speaker, that it is almost as near to heaven from Atlanta as it is from Washington or even from Boston herself. [Laughter and applause.] Come to Atlanta, my colleagues, and see a city whose enthusiasms have always gathered around the things

that are highest and best, a city whose temples of learning and whose temples of worship are the inspiration of the South and a bulwark of strength and hope to our threatened civilization.

Come to Atlanta, the progressive home of Emory University, Oglethorpe University, Lanier University, Cox College, Georgia Military Academy, Agnes Scott College, Marist College, Peacock's Academy, the Girls' High, the Boys' High, "Tech." High, Commercial High, Fulton High, Washington Seminary, Spelman Seminary, Gammon Seminary, Morris Brown College, Clark University, Atlanta University, and a half dozen progressive commercial colleges, together with famous Georgia "Tech.," the greatest technological school in all the South. Come and see the city of splendid auditoriums, the great city auditorium—the meeting place of the reunion—seating 9,000 people—Washington ought to have one like it; the Baptist Tabernacle, seating 3,000; Wesley Memorial, seating 2,500; and a dozen superb theaters that would be the pride of any metropolis. Come and see our mayor, the forward-looking friend of upward-reaching humanity; our governor, young in years but keen and clean, bright, and brave; our sheriff, as handsome as he is fearless and efficient; and our far-famed chief of police, who proved in a campaign for civic righteousness that he is "not afraid of poverty, the poorhouse, death, nor the devil." Come to Atlanta and find a chamber of commerce, positively wild on the subject

of spreading the famous "Atlanta spirit" to the four corners of the earth—a chamber of commerce that will stay up until midnight working for your happiness, then stay awake until daybreak planning for your joys of the morrow, and then get up with the early streakings of the morning's light to put into execution its dreams for your diurnal bliss and your nocturnal felicity! [Applause.] Come and see our kingly Kiwanians, our rousing Rotarians, our "roaring" Lions, our Energetic Elks and our rare and radiant Shriners. Come and see the great military posts—Fort McPherson, Camp Jesup, and that marvel of mobilization, Camp Gordon, from whose hurried but wonderful training countless thousands of the flower of America's young manhood went forth to frighten the Huns into subjection far earlier than the most sanguine patriot dreamed. [Applause.] Come and see the homes of the three great metropolitan papers—The Atlanta Journal, The Atlanta Constitution, and The Atlanta Georgian-American—the breeziest bunch of boosting dailies that any metropolis ever had since Columbus discovered America! [Laughter.] Come and see Kennesaw Mountain, where brave men on both sides, in the sixties, found how brave Americans could be; come and see Stone Mountain, the biggest solid rock in all the world.

THE HEART OF DIXIE

Come to the heart of "Dixie," where the white

snows of billowing fields of cotton melt into the music of millions of spindles that sing the jubilant song of American prosperity as they clothe the sons and daughters of the habitable globe. Come and see how a "city fair" of a quarter of a million has added 100,000 of that aggregate since barrooms were banished a dozen years ago. Come to this great industrial center and see the largest bank in all the South, with resources of \$60,000,000! Come and see your own Federal reserve bank that has so stabilized our finances that a panic is as "rare as a day in June or a Chinaman with whiskers." [Laughter.] Come to Atlanta and we will fan you with southern breezes, bathe you in southern sunshine, and if it were only the "good old summer time" we would feed you on Georgia peaches and feast you on that delectable edible known as the "Georgia watermillion"! And this bit of plantation vernacular reminds me that one of the chief attractions in Atlanta for the real lover of humanity, especially children, will be the "Wren's Nest," the home where Joel Chandler Harris—Uncle Remus—dreamed his quaint dreams and wrote his inimitable stories for the fascination and delight of the children of the world.

And, ah, come and see where Frank L. Stanton, the beloved James Whitcomb Riley of the South, has for 25 years sung himself into national fame, and his minstrel music into the hearts of reading

millions. Hear Stanton teach a great city its basic philosophy—

If you'd hear the Bells of Hope,
Fellers, you must pull the rope.

Hear Charles W. Hubner, our poet philosopher and patriarch, teach that wholesome, beautiful truth—

They lose life's sweetest zest
Who long for stagnant rest.

Come and see where Georgia's brilliant orator-historian, Lucian Lamar Knight, has written the scholarly works that have enriched the libraries of thousands of thoughtful Americans—and, ah, my fair-minded colleagues, come and see where the man who taught this Georgia genius at Princeton, Woodrow Wilson, first swung his shingle to the breeze as he began that masterful career that made him the far-famed President of the greatest Nation on earth! [Applause.]

Come on to Atlanta, my colleagues, and take anything you see and ask for anything you do not see, for Atlanta has plenty of glorious things that are simply "out of sight." Come to my home city, my colleagues, and you will find amid all her smiling plenitude of joys and her princely dower of blessings, her progress, her culture, and her consecration, a homogenous and a patriotic people, where wealth, for the most part, gratefully acknowledges

its fellowship with labor, and labor, for the most part, is more concerned about the reign of righteousness in the heart than the coin of gold in the pocket.

But, first of all and last of all, my colleagues, come to Atlanta for the priceless fellowship and the sacred inspiration of the great Confederate reunion—compatriots all in spirit of our own gallant colleague and Confederate hero, Maj. Stedman [applause], catching there in the full-orbed splendor of the love and loyalty of these old battle-scarred veterans for the Stars and Stripes a new vision of the forces that have made an indispensable contribution to the building of this Republic, a new cause for singing a national doxology, a new reason for thanking God for our new-bought heritage as a Nation and our new-born fellowship of a once divided people. [Applause.]

Verily, my colleagues, the southern sun is rising high to warm the Nation's heart, the glory of this beautiful truth has broken fast and far on land and sea; and every service star that turned to gold in the radiant sunburst of the South's devotion to our common flag tells anew, thank God, of the measureless triumph of our Christian civilization. [Applause.]

Colleagues and comrades of Congress, come to Atlanta! [Applause.]

V

FELLOWSHIP BETWEEN LABOR AND CAPITAL

Friday, February 20, 1920

MR. UPSHAW. Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the committee, in these anxious times when the strained relations between labor and capital make the theme on every lip and practically on every editorial page of every paper and magazine in the country, it is very refreshing, and I may say comforting, to see such an illustration of the ideal fellowship between employer and employee as I find here in the daily papers from my own home city, Atlanta. The names of 68 prominent employers of labor appear at the bottom of the article which I shall read. It is a beautiful picture, indeed, that these fair and far-visioned men buy a page in every daily newspaper in the city to show their faith in the working men of that great metropolis. Listen, gentlemen, and it will make the blood of every patriot tingle to your finger tips. Look at these blazing big letters and the stirring tribute to patriotic workingmen which follows:

MAKING THE WORLD SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY

Since American labor had such a hand in helping to make the world safe for democracy, it can be depended upon to help largely in making America safe from bolshevism.

American labor will tolerate no ism that conspires and plots to undermine American industry.

American labor knows that bolshevism hopes to get power and position by defaming or dragging down the reputation of another.

Bolshevism means this and nothing more.

Men who conspire and plot and who lend a ready ear to bolshevism are marked by American labor, and when the hour is ripe American labor will drive them out.

The man or system that plots another's undoing is digging its own grave.

Now that we are shifting from war production to peace work, in which there is a greater need of skilled workmen than ever, trained American labor will tolerate no interference from outsiders who seek to tear down and stir up strife.

There must be no intervention or interference from foreign conspirators who seek to undermine the supremacy of American manufacturers that they may profit by the exclusion of goods made in the United States of America in competition with other nations for the world's enormous demand for everything in which American industry excels in producing.

Bolshevism would reduce wages and put American labor, which is the highest paid in the world, on a par with the most miserably and miserly paid labor in Europe.

It would banish forever the opportunity of America

to take supreme place in the gigantic industrial struggle now beginning.

Bolshevism has no standing with American labor.

For this reason and many others American labor and American capital must unite and crush the evil without an hour's delay.

SIXTY-SEVEN NAMES OF ATLANTA BUSINESS MEN.

Mr. Chairman, I count it an honor to represent a great city of a quarter of a million people, the commercial and educational capital of the great Southeast, where such wisdom prevails and such faith and fellowship exist between employers and employees. Last year when there was a strike by the railway shopmen the remarkable picture was seen every day—2,000 of these men who felt they had a grievance and knowing no other way to secure redress, met every morning in the great Baptist Tabernacle, seating 3,000, and opened their proceedings with song and prayer, godly men, urging the workers in overalls to be careful in their every step for their own behalf. It is in such a spirit that we find the hope of the future of both labor and capital. When a Republican like Cooper, of Ohio, and a Democrat like Carss, of Minnesota, stalwart, honest men who have climbed out of engineers' cabs into Congress, stand here and plead that nothing be done to discourage them as they are trying to save the ranks of the workingmen from the red deviltry that threatens within and without, it is a call that

this Congress and the country ought to honor.
[Applause.]

No man of wealth is prepared to catch this vision and interpret it in terms of everyday application who has not at some time in his life known how it feels to be both hungry and tired; and no man whom we count in the ranks of labor is capable of interpreting this vision to both the inspiration and the restraint of his comrades in this critical and anxious hour who begrudges the success that has come to his employer through the dedication of intelligent energy and honest purpose.

It is not in denunciation but in counsel, not in suspicion and ferocity but faith and fellowship between each other that peace and victory will come; and if we give proper encouragement to the workingman in his organization we will help to save him from going astray, and in the spirit of Christian duty and God-fearing fellowship we will find the hope of labor, the hope of capital, the hope of America, and the hope of mankind. [Applause.]

VI

JUSTICE TO THE HEBREW SOLDIERS

March 18, 1920

MR. UPSHAW. Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the House, I was profoundly impressed a few days ago with a conversation I had with Maj. C. C. Bateman, the honored dean of the chaplains of the whole Army. He has given 30 years to service as an Army chaplain. Being a Baptist himself and trained in the foundation principles of individual responsibility to God and the competence of each soul in religion, that grand old man told me he had witnessed with positive pain the religious loneliness of the Hebrew soldier. Whatever may be said of the many other faiths they all represent some phase of Christianity. But the Hebrew soldier, representing that splendid contingent of our citizenship that has made such a priceless contribution to our patriotism and our commercial prowess is, as he expressed it, "neither flesh, fish, nor fowl" in the recognition of the religious life of the Army.

MR. CANNON. Will the gentleman yield?

MR. UPSHAW. Yes, certainly.

MR. CANNON. The Hebrews are Unitarians,

and so are the Unitarians that are not Hebrews.

MR. UPSHAW. I would remind my honored friend that it is not the province of this Government to be a patron of any particular form of religion, but recognizing the place of religion in establishing morale in the citizen and the soldier, it is the duty of the Government to encourage any religion that inspires reverence for God and makes for morality.

MR. CANNON. If the gentleman will allow me, I am of that view. I am not antagonizing that view.

MR. UPSHAW. And for that reason I wish to emphasize this fact: If it is the duty of this Government to pay our honored Chaplain to pray in this House every morning for the good influence it has, and he is a Christian minister, because the Christian religion is the dominant faith of the Members of this House; if it is the duty of this Government to provide a chaplain of the religious faith that is dominant in our Army, whether Protestant or Catholic, I do not think the Government can afford to maintain an attitude toward the Hebrew that can mean but one of two things—either religious neglect or religious coercion. I had prepared an amendment to offer directing the Secretary of War to appoint five Hebrew chaplains at large, but if he has the right already to do this thing, then I would like to go on record as favoring an appointment in the Regular Establishment of enough Hebrew chaplains to minister to our Jewish soldiers. Manifestly there are

so few of them it would not be practicable to have one for each unit.

MR. NEWTON of Minnesota. Will the gentleman yield?

MR. UPSHAW. Yes.

MR. NEWTON of Minnesota. During the war they did have Hebrew chaplains. I had the pleasure of meeting one overseas myself.

MR. UPSHAW. Yes; but they were emergency war-time appointments. I am speaking of chaplains that shall be permanent, and so located geographically that they can minister to the Hebrew soldier, who otherwise would be neglected. I am thinking now of an honest Polish Hebrew, bending beneath his peddler's pack, who used to visit my father's home, bowing always with the family around the family altar at the hour of evening worship. Kindness won his heart, and he came at last to acknowledge Christ as his own Redeemer; and I say this as my last word, that personally, as a Christian man myself, I would that every honest Hebrew would see in the Hebrew Christ the Messiah who has already come and who has meant so much to me in my own heart and life, but until he does, as long as the Hebrew soldier wishes his own rabbi as his teacher, then, in the name of the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, the God of Jacob, and the God of American freedom, I say let the voice of the Hebrew soul be heard. [Applause.]

VII

BETTER SALARIES FOR TEACHERS AND A NEW CONSCIENCE ON EDUCATION

Friday, March 26, 1920

MR. UPSHAW. Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the committee, the graphic picture of American valor which our eloquent colleague from Washington [Mr. Miller] has just painted for us—yes, and the victory and glory with which that valor was crowned—brought all of us to our feet with a pæan of thanksgiving in our hearts that the civilization for which these brave Americans fought was not lost. But the shocking revelation concerning our poorly paid teachers made in the speech of the gentleman from Ohio [Mr. Fess], who is himself a distinguished educator, brings us face to face with the fact that we are blind enough to suffer a process of neglect that threatens to submarine the very foundations of that civilization for which our brave boys fought and fell.

It was my good fortune—almost a melancholy pleasure—to see during the past two weeks a painful illustration of this fact. By invitation of that splendid head of the schools of the District of Co-

lumbia, Prof. Thurston, and the principals of different schools here, it has been my privilege during my short stay in Congress to speak to many thousands of the boys and girls in the Washington schools. Incidentally, may I say, I slip out between times and address boys and girls, as I have been doing for 25 years over the country, in order to keep young by bathing myself in a sea of youth. [Applause.] In speaking to 3,000 students in three different schools in the past two weeks, I saw the great educational tragedy of those 3,000 boys and girls, packed, standing in the aisles, and around the walls of each building, in auditoriums that were capable of seating comfortably only about half of that number.

At the Eastern High I found it that way; no room in which to take care of the boys and girls that are there in their general daily educational duties, to say nothing of occasional assemblies so necessary to the larger life of every school. At the McKinley High, the great technological school, I spoke to over a thousand bright young Americans, packed into an auditorium that would seat comfortably only 500. They were standing three or four deep, and I found that in this great school, bearing the honored name of the martyred Christian President, loved North and South and East and West, there is not even a gymnasium; and the neglect and congestion there is only illustrative of most of the other schools in this city. Only this week

by invitation of the principal I spoke to the Business High here in Washington, about 1,100 students lining the walls and standing in the aisles in an auditorium seating barely 600.

The distinguished gentleman from Ohio [Mr. Fess], who was a college president before coming to Congress, can bear testimony to the value of the assembly period in schools, its psychic unity, and the school spirit that it produces; and yet I bring the startling declaration to you that, outside of the Central High School, there is not an adequate assembly room in any school of the Nation's Capital; and only three or four of these schools have any assembly room at all.

I want to emphasize, gentlemen, that if this Congress, which has to sit as a city council, a board of education, and the general educational guardian of the boys and girls of the National Capital, all in one, were charged with the proper rearing of pigs and calves and colts, if you please, we would see to it by proper legislation that they had plenty of room to gather and properly disport themselves for the fullest physical development. It seems that we are forgetting here, at the fountain head of our governmental life and our boasted and beloved civilization, the actual meaning of that civilization.

THE MEANING OF CIVILIZATION

We are forgetting to teach by our appropriations that spell our investment in education and civiliza-

tion; we are forgetting to teach, by our example to the rest of the country, that civilization does not exist and government is not maintained in order that men may clip their coupons and count their cash; that civilization does not exist and governments are not maintained in order that railroads may belt the continent like nerves of steel; that civilization does not exist and governments are not maintained in order that factories may turn their wheels to the music and march of progress; for all the factories and all the farms and all the industries of the District and the Nation, if sold here on the Capitol steps to-morrow at high noon, would not bring a single dollar if it were not for the boys and girls that give them their only value. These material concrete things that we are accustomed to call wealth have no intrinsic value in themselves; theirs is only a related value—a value that comes wholly from their relation to humanity, and I declare to you that it is the duty of this Congress to never again be scant and “little” toward the “crown jewels” of the Nation’s Capital and the teacher-builders of our civilization.

It is bad enough for the men in the Army and the Navy, the officers on whose education this Government has spent literal millions, to have to leave the service and jeopardize the efficiency of our defenses as they are now forced to do for lack of a living compensation; but it is an infinitely worse tragedy that these teachers, who are the unsung,

the uncrowned, the heroic, the unselfish sentinels along the outposts of our advancing civilization, should be living now, or trying to live, on salaries that force them to skimp and save and suffer—practically the same salary that they received many years ago, when the cost of living was less than half of what it is now—and some of these teachers tell me almost with tears in their eyes, and with a passion of patriotism that is positively as pathetic as it is heroic: “We are holding on to our work because we love it; we do not want to quit the schoolroom, but it is so hard to make buckle and tongue meet.” Gentlemen of the House, such a situation in our educational life is nothing less than a tragedy. How can the teacher do his best or her best in developing childhood and building civilization when daily confronted with the pains of pinching poverty, when the sun of every day’s terrific struggle goes down behind a cloud of uncertainty and anxiety? Teachers and preachers deal with the supremest questions that touch humanity, the principles that give humanity its supremest value, the things, let me urge, through which humanity gives value to everything else in the world, and so, gentlemen, let me put into italics the great need of our Washington schools. Indeed, I make an earnest plea for greater liberality toward our schools and teachers everywhere. Just about everybody’s salary has been raised except teachers and preachers, and they are the real redeemers of our civilization.

A NEW EDUCATIONAL CONSCIENCE

The truth is, my colleagues, the Nation needs a new conscience on the place of education in our national life. Great and overtowering as we know education to be from an economic standpoint, yet every community has missed its highest unit of computation and the Nation its loftiest incentive if schoolhouses are builded, colleges endowed, and teachers paid only from a commercial point of value. While that community is blind and that nation asleep that does not recognize the economic value of education to every atom of property in reach of its influence, still we must lift education in the realm of our thinking and our building into the purer, richer atmosphere of ethical valuation. The president of Wellesley said one morning at the opening of the college term:

Girls, we don't promise you that the education we give you here will help you to get more bread, but we do promise you that it will make every morsel you eat taste sweeter.

And it is because education, the right kind of education, expands the individual, liberates the individual, broadens the horizon, and sweetens everything that it touches in individual, community, and national life that we, as a Nation, need a new educational conscience.

I believe the department of education should be

lifted to the dignity and power of a Cabinet position, perhaps incorporating with it the department of health. If we have a Cabinet place for the handling of money; if we have Cabinet places for ships and men and guns and men; if Cabinet wisdom is invoked and Cabinet energy dedicated to the cultivation of our lands, the direction of our labor, and the development of our commerce, then, in the name of the God who made body, mind, and soul greater than all these tangible and perishing things, why should we not have Cabinet wisdom and Cabinet energy dedicated wholly to the guardianship and development of the crowning handiwork of God? For in vain do men coin money, till the soil, build up great properties, seek the solution of great problems, and fight and die for all of these unless they have minds to think, hearts to feel, and character to appreciate the blessings of liberty and the sacredness of home!

And because of these great fundamental considerations I believe that this Government, in its dealings with the District of Columbia—the only opportunity that Congress has to deal directly with the teacher-builders of our civilization—ought to seize upon this opportunity to lift the teachers' salaries in keeping with their needs and the dignity of their position; and such an act on the part of Congress in the Nation's Capital would have an electrical effect in raising the salaries of teachers all over America.

AGAINST COMPULSORY MILITARY TRAINING

And while discussing these fundamentals in education I count it a good opportunity to register my protest against the proposed bill for compulsory military training. I believe in military training as a part of our educational system, but I do not believe in doing violence to the genius and spirit of free America by making the military feature compulsory in time of peace. Proper military training in school develops "young America" in physical prowess, obedience to law, and the general processes of discipline, and I believe the Government, from the standpoint of education, as well as providing for the national defense, should offer every possible attraction to young men to take this course, giving encouragement without stint also to the fitting schools all over the land which have provided military training for their students. This is educational; this is patriotic. But let not the Government lay its hand on the treasured son of any home in time of peace and say, "You shall take military training." That is too much like Germany. That leads to the spirit of Prussian autocracy, which America and the Allies fought side by side to overthrow.

But before I sit down let me urge again a general policy of increased liberality toward our teachers and toward every facility for education, so that those who fashion the stature of our future citizen-

ship may build in comfort and from every angle of wholesome inspiration.

Say not that the clay in their hands is "only a child." Only a child? Only a plastic mind, only a bundle of potential dynamics, only an "angel of light" or a demon of darkness, only a formative energy that shall poison the sweet waters of our Christian civilization or go forward to rule the world in righteousness "like ascending constellations in God's horoscope of time," only a spark from Divinity's throne, only an immortal spirit that, under proper tuition, shall "outlive the stars and outshine the sun."

Gentlemen, if we are to vote appropriations for anything during this session of Congress, let us vote for a substantial increase of salary for the teachers, and for an enlargement and improvement in the buildings for these splendidly conducted schools.

MR. McKEOWN. When we increase the salary, which is probably very much needed in the District of Columbia as well as needed throughout the Nation for the teachers, it seems to me there should be some care taken as to whether the teacher is sound on views of government. I understand that we are having some trouble with teachers who are hostile to our form of government.

MR. UPSHAW. I have found no such teachers in our Washington schools. But even as there is "no place beneath the American flag for the heart

that does not love it nor the arm that will not defend it," there is certainly no place in our school system for any teacher who is not true to that flag, and thus true to the boys and girls who, as Jacob Riis says, are "the to-morrow of the Republic."

More and more our schools must be made the trysting places of that loyalty and that God-fearing patriotism in whose responsive soil the noxious weeds of skepticism and anarchy can not grow; but rather a youthful enthusiasm for unselfish citizenship and that "righteousness that exalteth a nation." [Applause.]

VIII

JUSTICE TO PORTO RICO THROUGH THE FARM LOAN BANK

There is no distance in the realm of faith; there is no distance in the realm of love; there is no distance in the realm of patriotism; there is no such thing as distance beneath the protecting folds of the American flag.

April 7, 1920

MR. UPSHAW. Mr. Chairman, if the American farmer is the basis of American prosperity, then all patriotic Americans owe a debt of gratitude to the framers of this farm loan act; and to more than any other citizen not a Member of Congress they owe a debt of gratitude to a man whose name has not been called in this debate, Dr. Clarence J. Owens, director general of the Southern Commercial Congress, whose masterful genius organized the large company of patriotic experts that went to Europe and gathered the data and brought back the facts out of which this legislation was largely framed. And, incidentally, we might suggest to the Committee on Ways and Means in considering legislation for our soldiers that almost everything that is necessary for

governmental loan help to our "soldiers of freedom" could be found in these farm loan banks rightly applied. But, Mr. Chairman, I rose especially to emphasize the truth that has already been expressed by the gentleman from Arizona [Mr. Hayden] concerning the all-American application of this legislation. My honored friend and colleague the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Cannon] before whose years and wisdom I stand with uncovered head, spoke of the distance between here and Porto Rico. Gentlemen of the committee, I would help you remember that there is no distance in the realm of faith; there is no distance in the realm of love; there is no distance in the realm of patriotism; there is no such thing as distance beneath the protecting folds of the American flag. [Applause.] Somehow, it does not sound just right for us to speak of "they" and "our." We accepted their loyalty during the war, we accepted their arms and their patriotic support of the flag that now protects them, and if that is true, then it is not, it seems to me, a good point in this debate to discuss the distance of Porto Rico from Washington or the former national alignment of the people in this new insular possession of America. Neither is it pertinent to discuss the productiveness or lack of productiveness of the mountain lands of Porto Rico. I was in Arkansas not long ago, a grand old State, and I saw the Ozark Mountains cultivated clear to the top and on the top with glorious "Arkansaw" apples. I think it is a fine

tribute to the genius, the efforts, and the industry of the people of Porto Rico that they know so well how, and seek so assiduously, to make available for production every inch of their soil, whether in their teeming valleys or on their beautiful mountain sides. I would also remind the gentlemen of the committee of another thing. Somehow, it jars my ideals of an ideal American Republic that any one citizen beneath this flag should be treated in any way that will make him feel that he is not quite a part of this Republic. I never look at the genial face of our patriotic colleague, Señor Felix Cordova Davila, without feeling like I want to take him by the hand and say, "Viva Porto Rico"! His intelligent loyalty to his people and our flag has been an inspiration to us all. There was something of pathos in his appeal the other day, when he told this House that beneath the guardian ægis of the American flag, in the encouragement the United States of America had given to his people, how they had been developed along educational lines, and how, fresh from the battle fields of common loyalty and common glory they come now and reach out their hands to us and say, "Give us a chance in financial comradeship beside every other citizen of the flag we love."

"The dream of empire," it has been said, "comes not with observation." In his great campaign in which he eloquently warned against imperialistic tendencies in America's attitude toward our insular possessions, William J. Bryan pointed out the danger

that lurks beneath the policy of holding any section as a province, in a republic; he declared it un-American to accept the loyalty of the citizens of any dependency and then not give them free course and free opportunity for the expression of their patriotism. And let me say this with great earnestness: If this great, wealthy Government is to make a mistake, as some declare this bill to be—and of course we want to do our full duty to the American farmer—then let us make our mistake in a great, honest, national effort to help these new grateful citizens, for any other idea does not fit into the spirit of this Government. If we are to accept their arms in war, if we accept their loyalty in peace, if we accept any of their patriotic support, then I remind you, gentlemen of this House, that it is the first thought, the first duty, of the American Government to give to these struggling people that financial encouragement that shall make no lines of cleavage between their soldiers who fought for our flag and our soldiers who fought for our flag. Faith, the loyal faith of any people, constitutes the basis of governmental security. Therefore I would wipe out the word “they” altogether and make it “our” when discussing the problems that confront the citizens of any section of our common country. Let me say again, with my last word, that if this great rich Government makes any mistake at all in legislation of this kind, let us err on the side of generosity. Let us make our mistake in trying to reach out our

hands of helpfulness and encouragement that will increase the faith, the love, and the happiness of these noble people. America needs Porto Rico; Porto Rico needs America. Let us, in the name of American fairness, American greatness, and American freedom, give them the handclasp of helpful fellowship as we seek to encourage their hearts, develop their resources and make them a rich, a glorious and a responsive part of the American Republic. [Applause.]

IX

A PLEA FOR NATIONAL FELLOWSHIP

If the star on that flag that answers to the name of Georgia means anything at all, it means that every citizen beneath that star is the brother of his brother everywhere.

Saturday, May 15, 1920

MR. UPSHAW. Mr. Speaker and gentlemen of the House, before beginning my intended message for this hour I feel constrained to pay special tribute, if by no more than an upward look, to the distinguished visitors present, largely members of the Southern Baptist Convention now in session here. The records show that 8,300 had registered as delegates, to say nothing of the thousands of visitors.

I call attention to almost a national tragedy—that there is no auditorium in this Nation's Capital large enough to take care of half of the visitors to our city, and as all patriotic citizens naturally love to visit the capital of their Nation and as such visits do so much to increase the patriotism of the people I believe that this Congress ought to move speedily to the erection of a great auditorium, seating 10,000 or

15,000, that will invite great gatherings of people of patriotic and religious purpose to visit the beautiful Capital of our country.

The nature of my speech to-day is a surprise to me, and it will be a surprise to my colleagues on the floor and many of the visitors in the galleries who have been invited to hear another subject discussed. I had announced that I expected to speak to-day on my bill for a Federal pension to Confederate soldiers. I had expected to bring this message, as God is my witness, not so much for the brave old soldiers of the Southland as for my country's sake, basing my contention, not on one single bitter memory of the sixties, but purely on the ground of our blood-bought national fellowship and the proven loyalty of the Confederate soldiers through 50 years of peace, and their sons through two victorious wars. But yesterday I received an avalanche of requests, inside the House and outside among my friends, urging that I address myself in this hour to another important matter, postponing the intended message to some later date; and that other matter deals, I think, with just about the most vital thing before the American people.

Another reason I yielded to this request was that there is to be a great celebration out at Arlington, with parades covering the streets at this very hour, preparing for the dedication of the amphitheater, and I am anxious for all the Members of this House, especially all those on the northern side, to hear the

full message I have prepared for the supreme purpose of increasing our national fellowship.

But before I come to the subject in hand, allow me to say in the spirit of good-fellowship that during my brief career as a legislator—my first year in Congress—I have loved most our seasons of common interest and not the times of partisan division. I have loved most the hour of the common purpose that has caused us to shake hands, and not to shake fists at each other across the political aisle. I have a rather proud memory that in my first utterance on the floor of this House I said I would love to see a political armistice, especially during the days of our reconstruction legislation, when we might impress the anxious people whom we represent that we are here, not striving primarily for partisan advantage, but working side by side for our country's safety and for our national glory.

A TRAVESTY AT ARLINGTON

But I would be recreant to every impulse of loyalty, not only to my own section, but I believe to the flag as well, if I did not protest against one thing that is taking place to-day at Arlington. William McKinley, the martyred President, when visiting my home city of Atlanta to help us celebrate the victorious termination of the Spanish-American War, said that it "Is now time for the National Government to care for the graves of Confederate soldiers."

I have a conviction that if he were here, if that indescribable American, Theodore Roosevelt, were here, with the rich blood of the southern cavalier in his veins, shrining the memory of his queenly Georgia mother—yea, if Abraham Lincoln were here, a son of the South and the great apostle of human freedom; if the soldierly and magnanimous Grant were here, who took to his bosom southern leaders like Longstreet, Mosby, and others after the war, and who died with the prayer on his lips, "Let us have peace"—I have a feeling that if this great quartet of statesmen and patriots were here to-day they would feel hurt in their hearts to attend the dedication of that amphitheater out yonder, built out of the money of all the people, built at the home of Robert E. Lee, who was a hero in the war with Mexico, and who was himself not only a graduate of West Point, but at one time the honored superintendent of that great military post; Lee, whose matchless military genius and stainless Christian character are the priceless heritage of all Americans—I believe that if those great leaders of the North and the Nation could be present and see the name of Robert E. Lee denied a place on the roster of America's great ones in that amphitheater they would be deeply grieved.

And John B. Gordon is not there, gallant son of southern knighthood, who was a Senator of the United States after being governor of Georgia, and who spent the evening of his brilliant life, as John

Temple Graves said of Henry Grady, "literally loving the Nation into peace." And Stonewall Jackson is not there—another brave soldier of the Mexican War, the noble educator, and the Christian hero, who spent his Sunday evenings teaching a negro Sunday School the word of God, that they might be better members of society. And "Fighting Joe" Wheeler, once a Member of this Congress, and before and after the Civil War an officer of the United States Army, whose name is forever linked with the name of Theodore Roosevelt at San Juan Hill. Instead of being able to ride on a dashing charger, as Roosevelt did in that memorable battle, Gen. Wheeler was carried on a stretcher to the battle lines in order that he might give his voice and his presence for the defense of the Stars and Stripes we all love. Great God of love and freedom and fairness, forgive the unthinkable spirit that would keep Joe Wheeler's name off the honor roll at Arlington! Of one thing I am sure: If Theodore Roosevelt, who issued an Executive order placing Gen. Wheeler's rank as a Confederate officer on his tomb at Arlington, were here, freshened by the memory of Wheeler's fight for our common flag at San Juan Hill, he would never allow his fighting comrade's name left off of that Arlington honor roll to-day.

And time would fail me to call every name of every southern leader whose valor in war and whose loyalty in peace have added a new halo to the brow of American heroism.

MR. MADDEN. Will the gentleman yield?

MR. UPSHAW. Pardon me, but I cannot begin to yield.

MR. MADDEN. I should just like to have the gentleman answer one question.

MR. UPSHAW. All right, sir.

MR. MADDEN. Does the gentleman complain and protest because the loyal people of the United States refused to pay tribute to the men who were traitors to the country in its time of greatest distress?

MR. UPSHAW. Let me say this to the gentleman from Illinois and to all of my colleagues, that if the star on that flag back of the Speaker's chair which answers to the name of Georgia means anything, and if the star of every other State from the Potomac to the Rio Grande that nurtures upon its bosom these brave old heroes who for more than half a hundred years have been loyal to the Stars and Stripes—if it means anything at all, it means that every citizen beneath those stars is a brother to his brothers everywhere. [Applause.]

And if this Government has been willing to see these brave old heroes march in uncomplaining loyalty to the Treasury of the Nation for more than 50 years, and ungrudgingly pay the pensions of their victorious brothers; if this Government has been willing to find the name of a Confederate soldier when it has wanted to sell Liberty bonds and raise the revenues of war; if this Government has been willing to visit the hearthstone of every soldier of

the South and find there the brave boys, some now sleeping in graves of the Spanish-American War and others beneath the poppies of France, and take them to fight side by side with the boys of the North for that flag for which "Fighting Joe" Wheeler went to the front on a stretcher, to fight and maybe to die, at San Juan Hill, then in God's name it is time for any narrow, little partisan spirit to be forever driven from this House and from the American people, and let us love each other like brothers. [Great applause.]

I am sorry for any man who does not know the difference between Benedict Arnold and Robert E. Lee.

My father, who wore the gray of the Confederate soldier, and who taught his sons to love the Stars and Stripes, always said that the war could have been averted if only the people could have understood each other, and that the honesty and bravery of the southern soldier in tenaciously clinging to his lifetime concept of the meaning of the Constitution made him just as much a hero as the honest soldier of the North who clung likewise tenaciously to his concept of duty to the Union. Alas, it was "the strife of brothers," and no brave soldier of the North who faced the heroic soldier of the South ever felt like applying the brand of "traitor" to his heroic adversary. And when the misunderstanding was over and the great family quarrel settled in God's own appointed time the happy children, once es-

tranged, gathered under the same roof tree, happy in the hand clasp of reconciliation and peace. And the man who calls the loyal soldier of the South "a traitor" after more than 50 years of proven devotion to the flag of our reunited country, is as near to blindness, it seems to me, as he is far removed from that bravery and that magnanimous manhood which are essential to the happiness and security of the land we love. The war of the Revolution could never have been won without the South; the War of 1812 could never have been won without the South; the war with Mexico, that stretched our dominion from sea to sea, could never have been won without the South; the war of the sixties, for the permanence of the Union, would never have been fought and won but for the South's honest devotion to a sacred constitutional concept; the War with Spain was not won without the South; and the war with Germany, God knows, could never have been won without the sons and daughters of the South.

Where, O where, can you find justification for the narrow spirit—the callous philosophy that would shut out from this governmental recognition the leaders of those who come from the sun-kissed home of warm-hearted chivalry—the brave and noble people, the glory of whose valor, the beauty of whose sufferings, and the enterprise and fidelity of whose sons and daughters have made such a priceless contribution to the building of our common country? And I would have to apologize to my manhood if I

were to submit without protest to this Arlington discrimination against the fathers and builders of that glorious section whose salutary influence in lofty patriotism, in orthodox religion, and in progressive commerce have made a veritable gulf stream of blessing flowing through the Nation's larger life and fructifying every shore that it has touched. [Applause.]

X

A PLEA FOR POSTAL EMPLOYEES—AN OSSIFIED GOVERNMENTAL CONSCIENCE

This great Government must be just to its necessary servants, and if I must take my stand by any special class, I ask to be counted as the friend and champion of the underpaid, unsung, and uncrowned postal employees who journey from their humble homes by day and by night to serve the American people with such inspiring loyalty and such tireless devotion.

Thursday, June 3, 1920

MR. UPSHAW. Mr. Speaker, I honor the hard work of this Reclassification Committee, and I only wish that they could have brought in a larger increase for these faithful evangels of service and patriotism.

It was my privilege to attend one of the first hearings of this committee in my home city, Atlanta, and submit testimony in behalf of a worth-while increase for all postal employees, and, taking that hearing as a sample of patience and fairness, I must declare my conviction that the committee tried hard to get at the facts on which to base their estimates

for readjustment. Aside from the other able law-makers on the committee I am glad to pay special tribute to the tireless fidelity of my own Georgia colleague, Hon. Thomas M. Bell, who has given many years of effective service to the Post Office Committee, and who was wide awake in his efforts to do everything possible for bringing salary comforts to every class of postal employees. "Tom" Bell is everybody's friend, and especially the friend of the man who works hard for his daily bread.

But while this Reclassification Committee worked hard at the stupendous task of adjusting the status of over a half million employees of the Post Office Department, they labored under the handicap of two insurmountable difficulties for the present—a Treasury staggering under the colossal war debt of nearly \$30,000,000,000, and—we might as well confess it—an ossified governmental conscience on the question of low salaries.

I can see some of my generous colleagues smiling over that last suggestion. To be right confidential about it, some of these colleagues, of whom I am personally very fond, laughingly twit me with being "easy" on all appropriation bills that mean salary increase or Federal aid to the masses.

I plead guilty to the "soft impeachment." Every man has his specialty, and that specialty often comes to be regarded as a weakness. But in this instance I claim that my "weakness" is my strength. Without apology for the fact that "humanity has always

been my hero," I confess that any legislation that lightens the burdens of the daily toiler, that carries sunshine to the hearts and the hearthstone that are dear to him, appeals to all that is within me. My vote for such legislation was understood during my campaign for Congress as having already taken place in my heart and only waited with eagerness the opportunity to express itself on the floor of this House.

THE GOVERNMENT MUST BE JUST

Gentlemen, "if that be treason" against the Treasury, "make the most of it." Of course, I would not stand at all for a salary increase that was unreasonable, but when many postal employees in my district and out of my district—office men, letter carriers, Railway Mail Service men, and rural free delivery men—hard-working, patriotic, dependable citizens, tell me that they love their work as servants of their Government, but that they will be compelled to go into other lines of business in order to support their families, I know that there is something radically wrong.

Treasury or no Treasury, this great, rich Government can not afford to accept necessary service from its necessary servants at anything less than a living wage. And a living wage must mean more than mere bread and meat and clothes. It must mean some family comforts and a modest guaranty for a "rainy day." Such a wage is necessary to the

faith and contentment of the citizen, whose home of peace and happiness becomes the surest citadel of the Nation's strength. Such a wage is based on elemental justice, and no nation can afford to be less than just to its humblest citizen.

A TRAGEDY AMONG RURAL CARRIERS

But I must declare that, according to my observation, letter carriers in city and village and rural free-delivery carriers in the country seem to be getting the short end of the hand stick and the "smutty end of the chunk" in all this postal adjustment. These brave fellows, who trudge and fight through rain and sun and storm, seem to me, after all, to be the "heroes of the strife," for they measure up to the Biblical description of him who "endures hardness as a good soldier." Think of men like these forced to leave the service in order to live; think of an office in my district unable to establish village free delivery because the meager salary will not command a single applicant; think of a rural free-delivery man having to furnish his conveyance—an auto in summer and a horse and buggy in winter—on the pittance of \$108 to \$150 a month, and then support his family on the balance, if he has anything left. Think of a rural carrier whom I know in Virginia so burdened with the expense of keeping up his conveyance and supporting his family that he had to borrow \$200 to make ends meet before the year was out.

Gentlemen, this is nothing less than a tragedy in government.

"We love this Government work," they say to me, "and it hurts us to be driven out of it, but we must go where we can make a living."

Gentlemen, as a Member of this Congress I would feel like hanging my head, I would be ashamed to look at myself in the glass, if I did not vigorously cry out against such treatment of these heroic servants of our Government. It should be the policy of the Government to provide first for the conveyance of the rural free-delivery carriers and then pay them a salary equal to their needs and commensurate with their hardships. Again, I declare that this Government must quit being "little" toward its hard-working employees.

"PENNY-WISE AND POUND-FOOLISH"

Something must be done on general principles to break up the Government's ossified conscience and "penny-wise and pound-foolish" course toward its employees in general and some of its departmental leaders in particular. For instance, take the brilliant Leffingwell, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, compelled to leave the position which he has filled with such distinction because he simply could not maintain his family in Washington on \$5,000 a year; and being offered many times as much to return to private business, his duty to his family demanded his return. And there is William S. Elliott, who,

after 20 years in the department, has fought his way from a modest clerkship to the responsible position of Register of the Treasury, a position that pays only four thousand, when he could easily command ten thousand, or perhaps double that, in the business world. Elliott's efficient hand in reorganization has actually saved the Government over a half million dollars during the short time he has been at the head of his department. And close akin to Elliott is Director James Wilmeth, of the Bureau of Engraving, perhaps the biggest, most intricate, most responsible department in Washington. I have never seen a more masterful hand in the perfection and direction of details, and yet this great mechanical and organizing genius works for much less than a Congressman, and few Congressmen—and I suppose no Senators—are able to live within their salary—the same salary that they received five years ago when living expenses were less than half of what they are now. And these are only samples of what is going on throughout the governmental departments of the greatest, richest Nation on earth. The financial drive against officials in positions of public leadership is simply terrific, and a big Government does not want to be represented by little men.

Surely, gentlemen of Congress, it is possible that the problem of national housekeeping can be so adjusted as to enable this Government to treat its employees with that fundamental fairness and that

living liberality which successful and honorable business firms accord to theirs.

But if I must take my stand by any special class I ask to be counted as the friend and champion of the underpaid, unsung, and uncrowned postal employees who journey from their humble homes by day and by night to serve the American people with such inspiring loyalty and such tireless devotion. [Applause.]

XI

THE KNICKERBOCKER THEATER DISASTER

Let us, therefore, as individuals and lawmakers, wisely and fearlessly place the blame of this great tragedy on sinful men and not on a sinless God, and move with resolute wisdom to protect thousands, perhaps, yet unborn, from such a tragedy as that under whose unspeakable shadow the Nation weeps to-day.

Thursday, March 9, 1922

MR. UPSHAW. Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the House, inasmuch as Congress has to be a sort of city council for Washington and the District of Columbia, it seems to me that something ought to be said on the floor of this House in honest commendation of the investigations that have proceeded thus far concerning the Knickerbocker Theater disaster, which was not only an unspeakable horror to Washington but a shocking national sorrow. Before the investigations of the coroner's jury and the grand jury began it was heard on every side that since such investigations are sometimes neither fearless nor faithful there might be some disposi-

tion not to do the square thing; but it has been a source of genuine gratification to every friend of humanity and of community righteousness that thus far there has been no evidence of a disposition to whitewash that investigation.

Not because this great tragedy touched my own home—although it is natural that my own interest has been accentuated by this fact—but because of the interest which all of us share in the sorrow which has come like a crushing avalanche upon thousands of others, I went to inspect the ruins and to try to discover the cause. I was accompanied by a prominent Washington physician, Dr. J. T. Wolfe, who was a student of engineering for several years before he became an expert physician and surgeon, and although only a layman myself concerning such construction, I saw at once through his interpretation that somebody connected with the building of the Knickerbocker Theater had been guilty of a selfish, careless neglect that was nothing short of criminal. Convinced that Congress owed a duty in this matter to the District, which it purposes to govern, I went to Senator Capper, who had introduced a ringing resolution calling for a senatorial investigation, and asked him to meet me at the ruins with several members of the Senate District Committee in order that personal investigation on their part might verify my conviction. Wednesday morning after the tragedy I met there Senators Capper, Sheppard, Gooding, Jones, and

Weller and two or three practical engineers, including Dr. Wolfe, helping in the investigation, and I am sure that every member of the committee was convinced, as I am, that the disaster is traceable directly to faulty construction and criminally careless inspection. I do not wish to be bitter toward any man. My heart is too full of that spiritual enrichment which always comes from personal sorrow and from "feeling another's woe" to permit me to indulge in bitter invective or groundless criticism. But as a Member of this Congress, to say nothing of my obligation as a citizen, I owe it to suffering humanity now, and to thousands more who may suffer if congressional lawmakers should hold their peace, to express my desperate conviction on this subject and to back up these investigations with every ounce and atom of my energy and influence. I believe that the Senate committee will leave no stone unturned until criminal and civil responsibility is established.

BARE WALLS SPEAK THEIR SILENT CONDEMNATION

Somebody is grossly guilty. The bare walls that stand comparatively intact around that scene of horror witness with gaunt and silent condemnation against the builders of that theater. Their very existence after such a horrible crash spells condemnation in letters that blaze on the Washington sky. Anybody does not have to be a building engineer or an expert contractor or architect to know

that the roof which fell was not properly fastened to the walls, or they would not now be standing so nearly perfect in appearance from the outside that a stranger passing along Columbia Road or Eighteenth Street would never suspect the indescribable tragedy that occurred but yesterday within those guilty walls. Think of it, if you can with equanimity! The girders supporting that roof rested on lintels set in hollow tiling and were not even keyed to their support. It is not enough to answer that those lintels had steel pillars for support—the girder slipped off the lintel on the Columbia Road wall when the roof sagged, for the main girder had only a 4-inch bearing. As an experienced builder who is a Member of this Congress said to me: “Human life was sacrificed in order to cheapen the cost of that roof.” God save the tragic picture—money against humanity!

As an evidence of the fact that it was not merely the snow that made the roof fall, we see standing many other theaters that did not fall that night. It is positively inescapable that this Government has been paying inspectors salaries so unthinkable in their smallness that they were absolutely unable to command thoroughly capable men. One man who passed on those building plans—think of it—was a former bricklayer with no real, scientific experience in building. Another had been a mechanic in the navy yard, with the same lack of experience, while the man under whose eye the building in

course of construction is supposed to have passed was a decrepit old man of 80 years who is now dead.

Securing their positions through political influence and holding them through governmental complicity and criminal neglect, they constitute the type of men before whom real architects, real engineers—graduates of such great schools as Boston "Tech," Georgia "Tech," and other famous engineering institutions—must lay their building plans and from whom these expert builders must secure permission to erect houses in the District. Is it little wonder that such inadequate and inefficient "officials" accepted plans for the Knickerbocker Theater drawn by an architect who furnished the plans of another playhouse in Washington that fell before it was finished?

Twenty-six inches of snow, weighing about the same as 2 inches of water, did not make enough weight to break any properly constructed roof. A roof that will not stand under 2 inches of water is a domestic and a community outrage. There was simply no stable connection between the roof and the wall. If there had been, the walls of the Knickerbocker would at least have been partly shattered when the roof went down with weight enough to destroy and maim the lives and bodies of hundreds. The main point is that the roof would not have fallen if the main girders had had sufficient bearing on the lintels. One contractor said, as he looked at

the unprotected mortises from which those giant girders had slipped with such ease when the roof sagged, carrying such wholesale production of desolation and death: "I wouldn't built a roof like that for a house for my dog if I cared anything for the dog's life."

DO NOT BLAME THIS SIN ON GOD

Again I declare that I do not wish to be personally bitter. But we must be just enough to startle and protect the living, although our arms are too short to rescue the maimed and the suffering or bring back the dead. I speak with reverence now, but I must resent the apologetic declaration of one prominent man who piously exclaimed that "Nobody should be blamed—it was the act of God!" That remark was doubtless reverent in spirit, but it is impious in doctrine. I deny the imputation against the God I worship and try to serve. God made the snow fall—the beautiful snow—in obedience to His beneficent law, but God never taught any contractor to use faulty material in the construction of a house; and God never taught any careless builder to construct a roof with such palpable lack of protection that it would suddenly fall and cause so much suffering and death. God can overrule for our spiritual good any great sorrow through which He permits us to pass, but He must not be charged with the improvident, selfish sin of any man or set of men who would save money at

the expense of suffering humanity. It was the human devil of religious intolerance that lighted up the Dark Ages with the martyr fires of the saints, but the Son of God, who walked in the furnace of persecution with the Hebrew children, carried those martyrs of faith to Heaven on the wreathing bosom of flame. Let me speak in personal frankness to my honored colleagues. Well-meaning friends actually say to me, "I think it was a good thing that God made you fall on that wagon and hurt your spine when you were a boy, for I think you have done lots more good in the world than you would have done if you had never been crippled."

Permit me to say that I honor the spirit and intention of such a remark, but I gravely and joyously question its theology. I really think that the Lord did not have anything to do with making me fall on that wagon. I think I was standing carelessly as well as awkwardly, or I would not have fallen. But I do reverently rejoice to believe that when that ambitious farmer boy fell on that wagon when he was hauling wood the Master to whom he had already trusted his soul caught his body in His everlasting arms and has held him ever since. He knew how to stand by the bedside of that disappointed boy, lying amid the wreckage of his shattered hopes and dreams, and make the valley of trial a mountain height of joy, even as the Christ of Calvary, the Prince of Peace, came to those trusting souls amid the wreckage and the débris and the im-

pending death at the Knickerbocker playhouse and helped them to make the darkness and the suffering vocal and radiant with the songs of triumphant faith and the light that broke through that hideous darkness from over the everlasting hills. He can kiss the somber face of any sorrow into an angel of light and blessing.

Ah, Mr. Chairman, since that trying experience, enriched by personal sorrow and the sorrow that is always lightened and sweetened when it goes into the valley of the shadow with others, I am in no humor to be bitter, and I am in no humor to meet an infidel. I have seen "religion on the job." I am thinking of what I have seen of the marvelous wealth of human kindness and Christian sympathy and fellowship. Everything that humanity and Christianity could suggest has been done for those who have suffered. I am thinking, naturally, of those beautiful, wonderful ministering spirits who brought "first aid to the injured"—the brave young fellows who went into the jaws of death that they might rescue the suffering and dying, and those treasured evangelists of love and labor—how can I ever forget?—Pastor Johnson and the members of Immanuel Baptist (Roger Williams Memorial) Church, who, through the illness and death of the father and the suffering and death of the beautiful daughter, watched and served and suffered day and night, even to the Gates Eternal. I am thinking of a great wonderful city in Georgia, hanging for eight ter-

rible days over the bedside of one suffering girl. I am thinking of the brave little town of Douglassville, which holds her sacred ashes, the town where she was born 16 years ago, where she gave her young heart to Christ and to the clinging hundreds who loved her—the noble town that broke its heart in prayers and tears during those anxious days of tension and suffering; I am thinking of the wilderness of flowers whose beauty and fragrance spoke at once the mingled, measureless love of the friends in Washington and the friends in Georgia whom God had given in such wondrous and sustaining plenitude—flowers which overflowed her own untimely resting place and covered, as Carolyn Upshaw's unselfish loving heart would have had them do, the new-made grave of her noble Christian father, my brother, Lucius C. Upshaw, who had been my companion secretary, my mental flint, my spiritual mentor, my daily inspiration.

All the heart's wild longings ended,
 All life's wearying struggles past,
 And the suffering body resting
 'Neath the sweet spring flowers at last.

Ah, my colleagues, you who have been so thoughtful in your beautiful expression of sympathy and friendship, it is only natural for those of us who are humanly human to be selfish in our sorrow, but we must not be. We must multiply the staggering

sorrow of one stricken home by a kindred sorrow in more than 200 homes, where broken bodies or broken hearts are the tragic toll of man's selfish, blundering sin.

Let us, therefore, as individuals and lawmakers, wisely and fearlessly place the blame of this great tragedy on sinful man and not on a sinless God, and move with resolute wisdom to protect thousands, perhaps yet unborn, from such a tragedy as that under whose unspeakable shadow the Nation weeps to-day.

STARS IN THE NIGHT

Determined on this course for the sake of the righteous protection of others, as well as the vindication of the good name of the National Capital, whose residents have a right to expect of the Government the vigilant guardianship of their lives in places of public assembly, we turn our faces from the appalling scene and look for "stars in the night"—the night that baffles human philosophy and issues a sharp and startling challenge to the faith that holds, an anchor in the storm; the faith that clings and sings in the darkness where comprehension stops; the faith that triumphs, thank God, over the very "gates of hell." We see the first gleam from the Star of Bethlehem in "the still, small voice" of Him who said, "I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you"; we see another gleam not only

in the Holy Presence that alleviates personal suffering, but that enables the children of faith to so forget self that they actually sing their songs of comfort to others until the message to wounded and dying comrades is stilled in the tide of death; we see another gleam—aye, more than a gleam—a sunburst of radiance from the cross that “towers over the wrecks of time” in the swift-footed kindness, the tender tear, the tireless touch, the sleepless vigil, on the part of princes in Israel and handmaidens of God who rushed to bear another’s burden and “so fulfill the law of Christ.” From every side these beautiful, wonderful manifestations have come all the way from the White House to the humblest home yonder in my district—from friends and strangers in this great Capital City and from far across the continent—and we thank God at a time like this for stars that shine in the night, for the voice of Him who spoke to the storm-tossed sea even as He speaks now to the raging Galilee of our sorrows, saying, “Peace, be still.”

Verily, in such an hour of human desolation there is nothing left to the skeptic but a starless night and the “new-made graves of faith and hope”; but those who rejoice in a personal acquaintance with the Redeemer of Men in the miracle of regeneration can see the rainbow promise of God shining on every cloud as they exclaim in radiant triumph:

E'en sorrow touched by Thee grows bright
With more than rapture's ray,
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

[Applause.]

XII

WOMAN'S WINSOME AMERICANISM

"The ideal woman is she who thinks what others only dream, who says what others only think, who does what others only say, and who glories in what others dare but do."

Tuesday, August 29, 1922

MR. UPSHAW. Mr. Speaker, recently in my great home city, Atlanta, twelve hundred wonderful, winsome women, composing the membership of the Atlanta Women's Club, erected a beautiful auditorium in connection with their handsome club house on Peachtree Street. It is the largest and handsomest auditorium, I believe, ever erected by any women's club in America.

It was my high honor to be invited to deliver the dedication address at the opening of this new building, and I was profoundly impressed with the power and possibilities of leadership on the part of our newly emancipated women citizens. My subject on that occasion was "Woman's Winsome Americanism," and I ask unanimous consent to extend my

remarks by publishing that address in the "Congressional Record."

THE SPEAKER. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Georgia? The Chair hears none.

MR. CLARKE of New York. May I ask the gentleman if there will be any photographs of those wonderful, winsome women? [Laughter.]

MR. UPSHAW. No; I am sorry to say there will be no photographs of these beautiful, forward-looking constituents of mine, but you can visualize the beauty and greatness of their soul and character by the grandeur of their achievement. I list here the names of the building committee of this club that has given such an inspiring example to the women of America:

MEMBERS OF THE BUILDING COMMITTEE

Mrs. B. M. Boykin, president Atlanta Woman's Club; Mrs. Alonzo Richardson, chairman building committee; Mrs. Hamilton Douglas; Mrs. Arthur Henry Hazzard; Mrs. W. B. Price-Smith; Mrs. Irving S. Thomas; Mrs. A. McD. Wilson; Mrs. Newton C. Wing; Mrs. McCord Roberts, secretary to the president.

WOMAN'S WINSOME AMERICANISM

Madame President, members of the Atlanta Woman's Club, ladies and gentlemen: "Woman's Winsome Americanism" is as much a fascinating fact in action as it is an inspiring theme for this dedication hour. The impact of its measureless meaning brings a mighty

challenge alike to the ranks of American chivalry and the realm of practical patriotism.

Indeed, the very erection of this beautiful building, with woman as the alpha and omega of resourceful and victorious perseverance, gives to Atlanta and to organized womanhood all over America an almost startling, concrete illustration of what winsome womanhood can do when she takes counsel of her community needs and resolves and declares, "This thing shall be done."

It is related that when "Old Hickory" Jackson's body servant was asked if he thought his "Marse Andrew" was going to heaven when he died, the old negro replied, "I dunno, sah, Boss, but if Ole Master set his head to go dar, he's going dar."

Anybody who saw this building so long as an illustration of the nebular hypothesis, who then witnessed it evolve from tentative and diminutive beginnings into its present spacious and gracious completeness, will readily agree that some forward-looking resolute, resourceful women "set their heads" after the fashion of Old Hickory saying, "This thing shall be done for the sake of a greater Atlanta and a more progressive and useful womanhood."

GLAD HE VOTED FOR WOMAN'S EMANCIPATION

When I survey this magnificent achievement of the worth-while women of my great home city and remember, too, all the practical, patriotic service, from so many angles which they have rendered, and will yet render the public, I am gladder than ever that I voted in Congress for the political emancipation of woman—for a governmental recognition of the fact that you women (bless your winsome souls) have just as much sense as the ugly men whom you bless and

inspire with your daily presence, and just as much patriotism as the jabbering foreigners who are allowed to come over here and vote before they can even speak the English language.

Now, if some of you gentlemen want to—you men who don't like intelligent, patriotic women to vote because you are afraid they will make you "walk a chalk line" in the election of righteous officials—if you want to, I say, you can put your arm around a jabbering foreigner and lead him up beneath the American flag and tell him to rejoice in his new-found wealth of privilege and power in the "land of the free and the home of the brave," but I prefer to put my arm around the emancipated American woman—(no, no, that don't sound quite right), I mean my wife, of course, but I will take my stand by the side of the American woman and ask her to look anew at the American flag and remember that the beauty of its stars and the glory of its stripes mean, at last, her fundamental equity, not only in personal obligation but in personal privilege.

Verily, if intelligence, character, and patriotism are essential qualifications for political equity, show me the man who will dare assert that woman can not qualify. That poor blind man would just about have to cook his own breakfast to-morrow morning and mend his own trousers and darn his own socks from now until the judgment day.

"TELL IT NOT IN GATH"

And ah, winsome and winning, vigorous and victorious handmaidens of Georgia—"Tell it not in Gath—whisper it not in the streets of Askelon"—that in the fact of your many achievements, past, present, and to come, my treasured comrades of the male persuasion will no longer look upon you as "dreamers who

dream that you are dreaming," but as citizens who know that you are voting! Selah! and e pluribus unum!

I heard of a pedantic young schoolteacher on whom some of his verdant neighbors called. "Professor," they said as they showed him a new silver dollar, "they tell us there ain't nothing what you don't know. Please tell us what this new language is—e pluribus unum, it don't sound like United States." And the young teacher, knitting his brow and scratching his head replied: "Certainly, I know what it means—er—that is, I did know what it means—oh, yes, I got it now—e pluribus unum—that means there's plenty more where that comes from." And the suave, complacent—and yet—(they might as well confess it)—somewhat excited gentlemen with "jolted" political ambitions who, to say the least, were not conspicuous in seeking your political emancipation, will find out before you have been very long in action that there are plenty more where you came from, and that although many of the fairest and brightest women in Georgia who had been rocked in the cradle of southern chivalry and steeped in the sentiment of "woman's sweet dependence" did not desire the ballot, they accept it now as a sacred responsibility, realizing the truth that my father taught me around a family altar, "If good citizens do not control this Government, bad citizens will."

WOMAN'S UNIQUE AMERICANISM

This brings us to a frank discussion of woman's peculiar relationship to Americanism, for woman's Americanism is as unique as it is winsome. Americanism, in itself, is a word of worthy origin, and it ought to be a word of definite and undisputed mean-

ing. But the exigencies, the passions, and the problems growing out of the great conflict through which our Nation has just passed and whose complex problems still press for solution have taken that very worthy word and subjected it to varying and colorful interpretations. We remember with a smile how opposing local and national candidates in different political camps grabbed that word and ran off with it, dancing the war dance and holding high carnival over "Americanism" as the theme of their song and the slogan of their battle. Editors epitomized it, preachers preached it, teachers taught it, patriots proclaimed it, politicians paraded it, each with different angles of meaning, until millions of laymen shouted, "Which way I fly is Americanism! What is Americanism, anyhow?" One man declared, while the crowd whooped: "I am for America first, last, and all the time—let the rest of the world go to the devil!" Yea, yea, and nay, nay! I stand for America first, last, and all the time, but my reverence for God and my love for mankind will not allow me to say, "Let the rest of the world go to the devil."

THE SCHOOLHOUSE, THE BIBLE, AND THE AMERICAN FLAG

Without apology—indeed, with 100 per cent pride—I declare that I belong to that inspiring company of young patriots, the Junior Order of United American Mechanics, who stand for three great foundation stones in building the temple of stable, intelligent, God-fearing citizenship—the schoolhouse, the Bible, and the American flag. But if we stand for the beneficence and the emancipation that comes from the education of the masses, we can not be so selfish as to deny that wholesome beneficence to any man or woman whom God

has made; and if we believe in that greater, that regenerating, that transforming beneficence taught by the old-time Bible, we certainly would not deny that saving, uplifting influence to any of God's creatures under the sun; and if we really believe in the beauty and glory of the American flag—that flag that has never led us into a selfish war, and, therefore, thank God, has never known defeat—if we believe, with Emerson, that America is God's last best national effort in behalf of the human race, we would make our beautiful flag not only the supreme object of our Nation's love, but the inspiration—God help us—of all the upward-struggling peoples of this burdened, restless world.

I think that the best definition of Americanism that I have yet heard was given at a patriotic rally in Washington by that stalwart son of the South, Josephus Daniels, who performed the glorious paradox of making the Navy "dry." The then Secretary of the Navy said: "I believe in 100 per cent Americanism—and then some."

The "100 per cent Americanism" means, of course, an intelligent devotion to America's best upbuilding, with no phase or form of binding allegiance to any foreign power or potentate. And the "then some" means our proud and grateful recognition of America's divinely appointed leadership in the fellowship of nations, and America's consecrated purpose to dedicate that leadership to the good of humanity and the glory of God.

MUST BE LOYAL

The Americanism that must help America solve its complex problems must, first of all, be loyal. And that loyalty must be based on character and intelli-

gence. Women citizens will find here a tremendous challenge to their genius and their patriotism.

It will not help—indeed, it will greatly hinder—the growth of that full-orbed Americanism which is absolutely essential to our national safety if segments and colonies of foreign ideals and foreign influences are allowed to grow and multiply on American soil. To that end I have introduced in Congress a bill making it unlawful to put the name of any foreign country before the name of America in the caption of any organization—fraternal, commercial, or ecclesiastical. No more “Little Italies,” “Little Germanies,” “Little Russias” or “Little Irelands” seeking to make foreign ideals and foreign customs dominate the free, the simple Americanism of America.

If America meets and solves her own internal problems we can not do it with hyphenated Americanism. It must be undiluted, “100 per cent proof.”

I have also introduced a companion bill making it unlawful to publish and circulate through the mails any periodical in any foreign language that does not carry an English translation in a parallel column. Think of the eventualities in this country if America were attacked from without and betrayed from within, with one-third of our population under domination of foreign ideals. This is not narrow—this is “safety first.”

A HIGH AND HOLY TASK

To this high and holy task—making and keeping America pure—measureless in scope and with tenure eternal, patriotic, God-fearing womanhood comes with an eager and joyous consecration of all her winsome, wondrous powers. And why is woman’s unique patriotism called a “winsome Americanism”? Because

the giver of her peculiar brand of citizenship is winsome in its presentation. The star beam has not left her eye and the roses have not left her cheeks, because she has studied political economy and constitutional government in school and will henceforth wrap a regnant conscience around a spotless ballot in the practical expression of her ideals and the guardian assertion of her character. Hers to give to us that embryonic citizenship which, according to Jacob Riis, is "the to-morrow of the Republic," and hers to help see to it that America shall be a fit place in which her children may grow into full-orbed, God-fearing citizens.

If man's citizenship has made us all think of masculinity in virtues as well as vices, then woman's citizenship is to make us think of the finer side of patriotism. She is to beautify the temple of Americanism! She is to adorn it with pictures, enrich it with ideals, glorify it with purity, and fill it with all the music and the radiance which her magnetic personality can alone impart.

Woman—modest, tender, gentle—sent to brighten
sterner life,

Woman in the sweet relation—mother, sister, sweet-
heart, wife;

Not without its deeper import was she cast in beauty's
mold—

Woman is of finer nature, higher purpose, whiter-
souled. . . .

That is man's real concept of woman's nature and woman's refining influence when touched and led by the hand of God. She will not "rock the cradle" less, but she will "rock" the fellow more who interferes with the little young American in that cradle by pass-

ing laws that stab her heart and poison the social, civic, and political fountain where the children of her home must drink to their mental and moral deformity and their spiritual undoing.

LOYAL TO LAWS OF GOD AND MAN

No man who is worthy the name can bring himself to think of the woman he loves as mother, sister, sweetheart, or wife as being disloyal to the laws of God or the laws of man. It is bad enough to think of an irreverent, irreligious man, but the picture of an irreverent, irreligious woman makes the world stagger. The supremest need of our Nation to-day in these testing times of personal and national travail is the God-fearing citizenship that must rise to meet the hour from the family altar of an old-time Christian home.

And from this Christian citizenship that must project itself beyond the club room, the lodge room, and the church-house door must spring and cling that vital reverence for the Constitution of our Government and the laws of our country, which is enjoined by the laws of God and essential to the perpetuity of our Nation.

In the closing moments of this great dedication hour let us as patriots—not as man-citizens or woman-citizens, but as full-orbed American citizens—pronounce again that ringing shibboleth of patriotism, "The American Creed." William Tyler Page, the brilliant author of that inspiring classic, personally presented me this copy for this high and ardent hour.

Let this wonderful audience of patriotic women reverently stand while we dedicate this beautiful new building and ourselves afresh to our children, our flag, and our God. I read for myself and each of you:

THE AMERICAN CREED

"I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people, whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a Republic; a sovereign Nation of many sovereign States; a perfect Union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice, and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

"I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it, to support its Constitution, to obey its laws, to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies."

One of America's most insidious enemies is the illicit liquor traffic, which tramples the Constitution of the United States, debauches the citizenship without which our Nation can not endure, and defies the sacred emblem which we have, legally and constitutionally, "a stainless flag." The man or the woman, high or low, who helps encourage the crimes of law-breakers and liars, forgets the fact that the eighteenth amendment is just as much a part of the Constitution as the nineteenth amendment and was placed there by a much more signal majority. Not only the self-respect and sobriety of our sons and daughters are at stake, but the fate, the heart, the hope, and the happiness of the watching, staggering nations of the earth.

To break this law on stylish Peachtree Street and in wealthy Druid Hills is just as much a crime—indeed, because of gilded trappings and far-reaching influence, more a crime than in the black, back alley of ignorant defiance. It is not enough for women citizens to sing anthems about patriotism and dream beautiful Utopian dreams about standing by the Constitu-

tion and the flag. "The ideal woman is she who thinks what others only dream, who says what others only think, who does what others only say, and who glorifies in what others dare but do!"

It is the high and deathless evangel of "woman's winsome Americanism" to help preserve the stainless majesty of the flag that protects her home, and whether in the kingdom temporal or the kingdom eternal, dedicate all her fascinating powers of person and purpose to the creation of lofty ideals in Christian citizenship—a citizenship so vital, so wholesome and so aggressive that it will throw a veritable crown of radiance on the sky above this beautiful Temple of God-fearing patriotism—a beacon crown of deathless, transforming influence—

"That shall new luster boast
When victor's wreath and monarch gems
Shall blend in common dust."

XIII

CALLING CONGRESS TO PRAYER—"LEST WE FORGET"

" . . . All, all will fail, and treaties and agreements among nations will continue to be 'scraps of paper' unless the rulers of earth and the people from whose consent they gain their power shall go back to rock-bottom and straighten up with God."

November 10, 1922

MR. UPSHAW. Mr. Speaker and gentlemen of the House, the profound conviction deepens in my heart that somebody ought to say on the floor of the Nation's Congress, the day before Armistice Day and the meeting of the disarmament parliament, the word that I am humbly and reverently seeking to bring.

Yesterday in the shades of the early evening we listened to the "vocal silence"—the wonderful eloquence of a wonderful silence, during which more than a hundred millions of patriotic Americans paid the tender tribute of grateful tears.

The President of the Nation, the Vice President, and Speaker of the House, the Chief Justice of the United States, the Secretary of War, the Secretary

of the Navy, and the general in chief of the victorious Expeditionary Forces of America, laid upon the bier of the unknown soldier the flowers that were at once the smile of a Nation and the smile of God. [Applause.]

This morning, just before the great stream of sorrowing citizens began to move by the beloved dust of this unknown hero, it was my honor and priceless privilege to place beside this casket a beautiful floral offering "From the War Mothers of Atlanta and Fulton County, Ga." Who can tell? It may be that the brave soldier boy was the son of some loyal son of the South who followed Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson; it may be that he was the son of some brave son of the North who followed Grant and Sherman in that tragic misunderstanding that eventuated in "the strife of brothers." But this we do know—that since "the Sons of the Blue from the wind-swept North and the Sons of the Gray from the sun-kissed South met on the field of France," and "the spirit of Grant and the spirit of Lee" and the spirit of God met with them all as they met on the field of France, we have—God knows we ought to have—an all-embracing national fellowship that we never knew how to see or feel before. And every citizen worthy the name of patriot will rejoice always and everywhere to do everything possible to cement the sacred fellowship of the once-sundered sections of our common country. [Applause.]

But great as is this contemplation, deep as is this passionate anxiety, I feel constrained to lay upon the hearts of my beloved colleagues and upon every citizen of our beloved country this other vital contemplation. The eyes of the world are upon the United States of America and the disarmament parliament, meeting on the day of the world's great jubilee as they have never been before on any other nation or on any other hour.

Not only in America but all over the world the churches of the living God are on their knees praying that the leaders of the nations meeting here shall be led by the spirit of God in order that they may do the will of the Prince of Peace. Solemn compacts between men and nations have failed through the weary, blood-stained centuries; treaties of peace have failed, while the suffering peoples of the earth have looked on in the agony of despair. I stand here to-day as a humble believer in Him who came preaching "peace on earth, good will to men" and declare my almost desperate conviction that a limitation of armaments itself will fail—for men fought and killed each other before firearms were ever known—all, all will fail, and treaties and agreements among nations will continue to be "scraps of paper" unless the rulers of earth and the people from whose consent they gain their power shall "go back to rock bottom and straighten up with God." All, all will fail without the regen-

erating and transforming power of the Christ of Calvary, the Prince of Peace, in the hearts of men and women everywhere.

It is related that in that dark and troublous hour just following the American Revolution when Tory and Liberalist were trying to graft their clash of ideas upon the instrument of the unformed Constitution, Benjamin Franklin arose and said:

Mr. Chairman, has it ever occurred to you and the men of this convention that we who are trying to project a Nation into the fellowship of the nations of earth have been very irreverent and short-sighted that we have never asked for help and guidance from the God of Nations? I move you, sir, that some God-fearing man among us be called upon to implead the Throne of Divine Grace that we who are trying to form and build a new-made Nation may be given the conscious fellowship and leadership of Almighty God.

Mr. Speaker, in this anxious and far-reaching hour, I speak in behalf of the empty-hearted mother of that unknown soldier lying yonder beneath the beauty of our flag and the wilderness of flowers and tears, I speak in behalf of 10,000,000 graves and more than 10,000,000 shadowed homes of earth; I speak in behalf of the almost shattered foundations of our cherished civilization, when I declare that nothing would so deeply impress the watching nations of the world as to see the Members of the American Congress fall on their knees

and cry in confession of sin and contrition of heart—

God of our fathers, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

[Applause.]

XIV

A PLEA FOR SOBER OFFICIALS AND SOBER CITIZENS—A CHRISTMAS CALL FOR THE WHOLE CON- STITUTION AND THE AMERI- CAN FLAG.

If these governors who put their feet under the President's mahogany at the White House really wish to get anywhere in their conference for law enforcement, let them remember what the beloved and immortal Sam Jones said: "If you want to reform the world, begin on yourself, and then you will have one rascal out of the way." . . . Let these governors, led by the President and Vice President and followed by all Congressmen, Senators, State and Federal judges, and prosecuting attorneys, walk out in the open and lift their hands before high heaven and take a new oath of allegiance to the whole Constitution and the American flag. This will wipe away the cloud on the official sky and be a far-reaching Christmas gift to society and sobriety.

Wednesday, December 20, 1922

The House in Committee of the Whole House on the state of the Union had under consideration the bill (H. R. 13481) making appropriations for the De-

partment of Agriculture for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1924, and for other purposes.

MR. UPSHAW. Mr. Chairman, in President Harding's last message to Congress he gave cold comfort to the friends of liquor. His wise and timely words declaring, not for a loose and liberal modification of our prohibition law but for its strict enforcement, were worthy of their high origin and wholesome in their influence. Regardless of former predilections and alignments on this question, they will be indorsed by every true patriot who remembers that this is "a government of the people, by the people, and for the people," and that the people who have fought so long and unselfishly for the legal overthrow of the liquor traffic have won a fair and open fight by due governmental process. President Harding recognizes the truth uttered by former President Taft—himself admittedly an anti-prohibitionist—that this law has not had a fair opportunity to function, and that every citizen, and especially every official who has sworn to stand by the Constitution of the United States, is called on to give the law a square deal by precept and by practice. [Applause.]

It is highly, and I may say painfully, significant that the President has felt the necessity of calling a conference of governors to take counsel together concerning the most effective way of enforcing a part of our Federal Constitution.

Of course I indorse the call, but I deprecate the necessity for such a conference. What does it mean—that there must be a coming together of the President of the Nation and the governors of the States in behalf of the enforcement of the eighteenth amendment, when the other provisions of the Constitution stand alone and regnant in their fundamental and governmental majesty? If the situation is that serious, if the President is right when he declares that conditions “savor of a Nation-wide scandal,” if the flagrant violation of this law means the physical and moral debauchery of illicit sellers and illicit buyers and, above all, the debauching of individual and national respect for all law, threatening the security of our most sacred ideals and our most cherished institutions, then God knows that that conference of our President and our governors ought to leave no stone unturned to make that exceptional round table a practical and national blessing. [Applause.]

But we might as well be plain about it, the plain people are justly skeptical of many of these high officials. They laugh at their high-sounding pronunciamientos because they doubt their sincerity. The people—the plain people—have cumulative evidence that some of these “conferring” governors and many other high officials do not practice the prohibition enforcement which they preach to others. The people—the plain people—believe that many of these high officials believe in that high-

saluting autocracy which claims the privilege of buying and drinking illicit liquors themselves while denying that privilege to the poor devils down among the masses who are foolish enough to want the opportunity to buy and drink illicit liquid damnation. [Applause.]

MR. HILL. Mr. Chairman, will the gentleman yield for a question?

[Mr. Upshaw shook his head.]

MR. UPSHAW. Here is a timely editorial from the Dearborn Independent of December 9, which hits the spot:

"DRY" ENFORCEMENT BEGINS AT HOME

President Harding and his Cabinet are reported to have been in serious conference regarding ways and means of enforcing the "dry" laws. Will the gentlemen permit a suggestion? Why not begin at Washington? Why not begin in official circles? Why not begin in those sumptuous homes which entertain the very highest personages in our Government?

This is not a taunt; it is a serious and respectful suggestion. Every one knows what has transpired at Washington since prohibition arrived. Only the loyalty of certain men to the sentiment of respect for the personages of the Government has prevented a crushing scandal at times. To these men whose forbearance has been intensely patriotic it has come with hopefulness that the Cabinet meeting may result in obedience to law in the city of Washington.

[Applause.]

Let the word go forth that members of the executive and administrative branches of the Government have set themselves a rigid standard of obedience to the letter and spirit of the law—and see what a difference it will make in Washington.

[Applause.]

That is the end of the editorial. It is now time to applaud this editor's timely wisdom. [Applause.]

If these governors who put their feet under the President's mahogany at the White House really wish to get anywhere in their conference for law enforcement, let them remember what the beloved and immortal Sam Jones said:

"If you want to reform the world, begin on yourself and then you will have one rascal out of the way." [Applause.]

Let these governors, led by the President and Vice President of the United States and all the Members of the Cabinet, walk out in the open and lift their hands before high heaven and take a new oath of allegiance to the whole Constitution and the American flag. Let them sacredly declare that, regardless of what their tastes and practices have been, they will never again build up a bootlegger's barbarous business by drinking any form or any amount of illicit liquors at any dinners, at any function, or in any "ballroom or any back alley." Let every Member of Congress and every United States Senator follow suit; let every State and Federal judge and every prosecuting attorney in America

stand up like patriotic men and declare that they will never again personally trample the Constitution which they have sworn to obey and defend. [Applause.]

Let the President issue a ringing Christmas proclamation calling every citizen, and especially every official, to total abstinence for the common good. No longer must these "higher ups" say "Go" at the end of an official lash. They must say "Come," in all the glory and effectiveness of consistent leadership.

I think it would be well for the President to put in that proclamation a call to those splendid, forward-looking citizens—those organizations that do things worth while—the Rotarians, the Kiwanians, the Civitians, the Optimists, and the Lyons, and the Elks, and the Eagles, and the Owls, and what not—

MR. CLARKE of New York. How about the Klan?

MR. UPSHAW. Yes; for they declare allegiance to the whole Constitution, and every organization that stands for the rule of democracy and the supremacy of a sober flag. Let them stand for it now, or forever after hold their peace.

Anything less than this will make the conference itself a farce and a scandal. Timorous souls have never inspired anybody. This is no time for pussy-footing utterances and actions on the part of our State and National leaders. [Applause.] Some

of these governors—most of them, let us hope—are men of personal sobriety and positive character and patriotism, and most Congressmen and Senators, I am glad to believe, practice the prohibition which their votes profess, but there are enough who do not to cast an ominous cloud on the official sky.

Let us wipe that cloud away as a Christmas gift to society and sobriety! And let these officials be followed by “society” leaders everywhere who have been counting it a “smart” thing to serve illicit cocktails to dinner guests, remembering that every such deed is more than “slackerism” in the presence of a common foe. It is a shocking case of “trading with the enemy”—yea, of seeking, harboring, and using stolen goods. And no father or mother, citizen, or public official can do this thing and then blame anybody but themselves if their sons and daughters grow up to break their hearts by defying every law of God and man. [Applause.]

Let them honor their own laws, like the gallant French general, Marshal Foch, who refused to touch intoxicants in any form while on American soil, out of respect for the “dry” Constitution and “the stainless flag” of the country where he was an honored guest. [Applause.] Let them follow the inspiring example of that chivalric Texan, that wholehearted American, Alvin Owsley [applause], the beloved commander of the American Legion, who as my breakfast guest last week authorized me to say on the floor of Congress and everywhere that,

realizing the importance of this question and the responsibility of leadership, regardless of what his personal inclinations might be, he would not touch a drop of intoxicating beverage in private or public while he is commander of the American Legion. [Applause.]

I stand uncovered, I call on the friends of "young America" everywhere to stand uncovered before such loyal, stainless patriotism on the part of the gallant leader of America's soldier-citizens.

I can not close this honest, desperate Christmas exhortation to the governors of America and all other high officials without the inevitable observation that that conference of governors will be in a bad fix and will leave the President and his Cabinet and the whole country in a bad fix if they are all down with the same complaint which afflicts that visionary hero of windmills, the fantastic Governor of Louisiana. Hitherto holding him in high esteem, we have seen him plunge from his high pedestal of State and National confidence by rushing to the Nation's Capital for help to free his State from the tumultuous reign of "goblins" and "wizards," when his own Representatives in both branches of Congress, Protestant and Catholic alike, rise up to discount his flaming follies, declaring that Louisiana is beautifully tranquil and grandly able to take care of her own police powers. And now you can judge of the value of the dismal declaration of this same Governor Parker, who says to the governors' meet-

ing on West Virginia soil that "prohibition is a flat failure." Thus he indicts the majority of the citizens of his State as lawbreakers and liars. I do not believe it. Shades of American heroism! Paraphrasing the words of the judge to the man who is going to be hung, "May the Lord have mercy on his timorous soul." If prohibition is a failure in Louisiana or any other State it is because the women made a mistake when they got married and the people made a mistake when they elected a governor. [Laughter.]

If the enemies of good government were making and selling a concoction that would poison our pigs and colts and calves and chickens for money, the militant manhood and womanhood of America would stop it. And when we begin to love our boys and girls as well as we love our domestic animals and our selfish appetites, then we will consecrate ourselves anew to their protection and set for them a safe example in refraining from the illicit use of intoxicants anywhere and everywhere. [Applause.]

In face of the legal enactment of this prohibition law which found its way into our Constitution and on our statute books through the prayers, the tears, and the consecrated wisdom of the best men and women on earth, any governor or any other State or Federal official who will patronize a bootlegger by drinking illicit liquor is a disgrace to the position of leadership which he holds and a dangerous ex-

ample to the young manhood of America. [Applause.]

I want to declare to you that any man who stands here or anywhere and swears allegiance to the Constitution and then helps a bootlegger to trample that Constitution under foot is unworthy to represent any State or to hold any office under the sun. [Applause.]

I renew my call to Christmas consecration. Come on, governors! Come on, Cabinet officers! Come on, Congressmen and Senators! Come on, officials and patriots everywhere; and before the eyes of American youth and the watching world illustrate that brave, red-blooded, 100 per cent Americanism that accepts the full-orbed Constitution, eighteenth amendment and all; that reverent, consistent Americanism that practices what it preaches in building "that righteousness that exalteth a nation"—a leadership, pray God, that fulfills Goldsmith's dream of the "Village Preacher," who—

Lured to brighter worlds,
And led the way.

[Applause.]

MR. HILL'S RESOLUTION

Mr. Hill, of Maryland, on January 3, 1923, submitted the following resolution; which was referred to the Committee on Rules and ordered to be printed.

House Resolution 477

Whereas in a newspaper release of December 20, 1922, purporting to have been written by Hon. William David Upshaw, of Georgia, a Member of the House of Representatives, the following charges appear:

"The people—the plain people—have cumulative evidence that some of these 'conferring' governors and many other high officials do not practice the prohibition enforcement which they preach to others.

"Let these governors, led by the President and Vice President of the United States and all the members of the Cabinet walk out in the open and lift their hands before high heaven and take a new oath of allegiance to the whole Constitution and the American flag; let them sacredly declare that, regardless of what their tastes and practices have been, they will never again build up a bootlegger's barbarous business by drinking any form or any amount of illicit liquors at any dinner or at any function or in any 'ballroom or back alley.' Let every Member of Congress and every United States Senator follow suit."

Whereas the publication of said charges, if untrue, are a grave wrong to this body, and if true, the responsibility should be placed where it belongs, and

Whereas the said Hon. William David Upshaw, on December 20, 1922, reiterated the same on the floor of the House: Therefore be it

Resolved, That the Judiciary Committee of the House be directed to investigate and report to the House whether said charges are true, and, if untrue, whether the said Hon. William David Upshaw has violated the privileges of the House, and their recommendations relative to the same. That said Judiciary Committee have leave to sit during the sessions of the House, to send for persons and papers, to swear witnesses and to compel their attendance.

XV

RENEWING THE PLEA FOR SOBER OFFICIALS—REPLYING TO CRITICS AND REVIEWING "REVIEWERS"

Tuesday, January 9, 1923

My position is sane; it is safe; it is unequivocal; it is incontestable! An official who takes an oath to stand by the Constitution ought to obey the law supporting that Constitution.

And the man who helps a bootlegger to trample the Constitution beneath his feet and defy the flag above his head ought to resign from Congress and every other position of official leadership beneath the Stars and Stripes.

God give us leadership everywhere that will inspire our children toward noble, God-fearing, sober lives!

MR. UPSHAW. Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the House—

'Twas the week before Christmas, and all through this Hall,

The spirit of Santa Claus spoke to us all;

We listened with patience to speeches and facts,

And builded the Nation by congressional acts.

Then "the gentleman from Georgia" in innocence spoke

Of the perils of drinking—and the whole House awoke!
He plead for sobriety, the law, and the flag,
And called on officials no longer to “jag.”
His plea? It was earnest and honest and true—
It just called for preaching—and practicing, too!
But the folks got excited—some papers went wild,
And called it the notion of dreamer and child!
And the “gentleman from Maryland”—Col. John Philip
Hill,
Had nervous prostration—’twas a “scream” and a
thrill!
He thinks it is “a-w-f-u-l” to say that men drink—
Just what do you reckon, and what do you think?
He fights for the honor of his colleagues so grand,
Yet argues for liquor all over the land!
Alas and alack! John Philip “sees red”—
The word “prohibition” has gone to his head.

[Laughter.]

Gentlemen of the House, when I made that innocent and well-intentioned little speech, only 13 minutes long, I did not dream that it would carry its honest message in flaming headlines on the front page of nearly every great daily and country weekly in America, and that its reaction would be found even on every representative editorial page in the land. I find myself amazed, even yet, as I try to compass the real reason for this excitement. My mail from every section of the Union, in all its varying comment, is as fascinating as a novel [laughter], while the spirit of the press would nominate the maker of that “bone dry officials”

speech all the way from "The Mad Mullah of Georgia Politics" and "Vice President of Russia," to the dispenser of common sense and old-fashioned honesty in ethics and morals, in politics and patriotism. While a few of these letters and editorials have been abusive—some of them laying their authors liable for sending profanity and obscene matter through the mails—I rejoice to record that the overwhelming sentiment has been not only favorable but enthusiastic in approval of my appeal to officials to "practice what they preach." [Applause.]

This reminds me of the experience of William J. Bryan, who said he was determined to make at least one speech in New York at which nobody could take offense, so he chose for his text: "Thou shalt not steal," and lo and behold, he woke up the next morning and found that nearly everybody in that gay old town was as "mad as fire" at what they termed his "impudent and meddlesome impersonal personalities." [Laughter.]

Sam Jones used to declare that he never liked to deal in personalities, he just "shot in the hole" and "the fellows who were hit came limping out declaring that they never had been in there." [Laughter.]

Very sure am I that no editor, no official, and no social or civic leader who has a "dry" reputation has come limping out of the hole into which I shot on that peaceful December afternoon. I have been

especially pleased with the approving attitude of the vast majority of my colleagues. The truth is, there seems to have been only about one discordant note, and that has come from the gentleman from Maryland [Mr. Hill]. Frequently, on the floor, while I was away with a sick family, and more frequently in the newspapers, he has been quoted as referring to my speech as a reflection on the honor and character of Senators and Congressmen, and has introduced a resolution calling me before the bar of this House to specify and amplify my charges. In all good humor, allow me to request the gentleman from Maryland to visualize the "dry" expanse of my tranquil physiognomy and my corporeal being—for I am here, without the action of committee or of Congress. But the thing that bothers me, may it please the court and gentlemen of the jury, is this: Why should Mr. Hill grow so strangely excited and so solicitous for the reputation of his colleagues?

First of all, I call this House to witness that I did not come here brandishing a tomahawk. I did not call for a wholesale scalping of my honored colleagues. The heart of what I did say was this:

Some of these governors—most of them, let us hope—are men of personal sobriety and positive character and patriotism, and most Congressmen and Senators, I am glad to believe, practice the prohibition which their votes profess; but there are enough who do not, to cast an ominous cloud on the official sky.

Everybody knows that this statement is absolutely true, and I refuse to back one inch from this declaration. [Applause.] But why should the tender-hearted and chivalric Mr. Hill take up the gauntlet in defense of the honor of this House when 434 other Members are tranquil and silent? Every man who has sense enough to be a Member of Congress has sense enough to know his own number; and his constituents likewise have his number. Practically every Member of this House has made a reputation which identifies him in the eyes of his constituents and his colleagues as belonging inside or outside the pale of my indictment. I am very sure that the people of the fifth district of Georgia—friend and foe alike, in the imperial city of Atlanta, which I have the honor to represent—did not think that their Congressman was included in that indictment. The truth is, gentlemen, the gentleman from Maryland is evidently anxious that his own constituents in “wet” Baltimore should never suspect him of being “dry.” [Laughter and applause.]

AN AMAZING PARADOX

But the amazing paradox of the position of the gentleman from Maryland is this: Why should he contend in his resolution and his statement to the press that my speech reflected upon the honor of the House in the premises? Why should he think that it hurts the good name of a Congressman to be under the influence of the liquor whose cause

he so persistently, consistently, and insistently champions? Why on earth does he, in season and out of season, advocate the legalized sale of a poisoned stuff that has such a devilish influence on the character and reputation of his friends? Why, then, oh, why, has he constituted himself the "wet nurse" of this great legislative body? [Tumultuous laughter and applause.] I hope that even now he will repent, and before it is everlastingly too late. [Applause.] For I remind him and his "wet" comrades that their dreams of legalized national "wetness" are as futile and as fragile as the "baseless fabric of a vision." President Harding truly prophesies what everybody knows—that the eighteenth amendment will never be repealed. The very processes of constitutional repeal must stagger the dreams and stifle the hopes of every honest liquor man in America. [Applause.]

THE MOUNTAINEER AND HIS CLOCK

Down in our Southern mountains there lived a quaint old pioneer of whom I heard a converted moonshiner tell. He carried to market an old-fashioned schooner wagon, full of mountain apples, and drove up in front of a furniture store. His attention was attracted to an old-time eight-day clock, about 8 feet high. Told by the merchant that one winding would last eight days, he grinned and said, "By granny, I'll just buy this clock if it don't cost too much, fer I'm always fergettin'

to wind my little old clock at home. It sho' would be fine to have to wind a clock just once in eight days." The apples were swapped for the clock, and the neighbors came for miles around over the mountains to see the wonderful timepiece. But one night something got wrong with the insides of that pesky old clock, and it waked the old man up between midnight and day, striking to "beat the band." After he rubbed his eyes and began to count, the blooming thing struck one hundred and five times. In wild-eyed consternation Uncle Joshua shook his wife by the shoulder and said, "Malindy, old woman, wake up—git up! It's the latest I have ever known!" [Laughter.] And I declare to the gentleman from Maryland, the Governor of New York, the new Senator from New Jersey, and all who sympathize with their "wet" proclivities that it will be the latest that they have ever known—the latest that the world has ever known—when the eighteenth amendment to the Constitution is repealed by legislative process. [Applause.]

The clock in the far-away tower of eternity will strike more than a hundred and five times—each time representing a full thousand years—before the eighteenth amendment is repealed. This sure prophecy is submitted not only to the gentleman from Maryland but to the genial Governor of New York, who took the oath to defend the Constitution of the United States at his recent inauguration and then in his next breath joined the nullifiers of the

Constitution by calling on Congress to allow "beer and wine" under the Constitution that outlawed intoxicants of every kind. He led his legislature during his first term as governor to pass a 2.75 per cent beer act when our national law allows only one-half of 1 per cent. He knows Congress can not pass a law which the Constitution forbids. He knows, or ought to know, that beer would mean breweries and that breweries would mean saloons, and that breweries and saloons together would mean the revival and the reign of that political corruption and legalized debauchery which good citizens will not desire and brave citizens will not allow. [Applause.]

NEW YORK GOVERNOR SHUTS DOOR OF THE WHITE HOUSE

And in the fullest fellowship with a sober Constitution and "a stainless flag," I serve notice now on the Governor of New York and all who train with him that he can not roll into the White House on a beer keg and a wine barrel, for the militant manhood and the emancipated womanhood of America will rise in the majesty of their might and smash every jug and break every bottle and roll every beer keg and every champagne barrel into the Atlantic Ocean. [Applause.] "If that be treason, make the most of it"—but the inauguration defiance of our national prohibition law shut the door of the White House forever in the face of the Gover-

nor of New York, or any other "wet" presidential aspirant. How much more like a governor and like a President it would have been if he had said in his inaugural speech, like the eloquent Cantrill, of Kentucky, said here in this House when the Volstead law was in the making:

Gentlemen, I used to be on the other side, but this eighteenth amendment was passed by due governmental process, and as "a good sport," a good Democrat, and a good American I take my stand on the side of the good people who have put this law on the books, and pray God with them that the law will accomplish what they have hoped and prayed.

That is the spirit of every loyal American now who believes in common fairness and the triumph of our constitutional processes—"government of the people, by the people, and for the people." [Applause.]

RUNNING TO COVER—SIDE-STEPPING THE ISSUE

It would be amusing if the question were not so serious to see men who are afraid to face the real issue run away and hide behind utterly irrelevant questions. Answering my demand that officials high and low take a new oath of allegiance to the whole Constitution with special emphasis on the eighteenth amendment, newspapers, individuals, and organizations have demanded that I "remove the beam from my own eye before trying to take the mote out

of my brother's eye"; in other words, that I obey the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments before urging obedience to the eighteenth amendment.

First of all, as much as in me lies, I am obeying these amendments; but that was not the "question before the House." Evidence is wanting that there is a disturbing breach of these amendments. Thousands of negroes in Georgia—2,000 in my home city—registered in peace and voted without hindrance in the last presidential election. In practically all States the requirements for white and negro voters are the same; but even if there is a violation of these amendments here and there, that violation does not make a man shoot up the town or go home and beat his wife. That violation does not cause the shattering of homes and the physical debauchery of manhood and womanhood. The worst thing that can be said of that violation is the fact that it means, and only means, that the political affairs of that section are in the hands of the intelligent white people there, and will remain in their hands from now till the Judgment Day. [Applause.] And, then, I remind the Congress and the country that the President had not called a conference of governors to plan for a better enforcement of the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments—he had called that conference to talk about the violation of the eighteenth amendment; and so I remind the New York World, the Springfield Union, the Chicago Tribune, and all other papers

and organizations and individuals who are hiding behind irrelevant issues, that I was simply speaking on the subject before the House—"the Whole House," if you please, "on the state of the Union," and the Whole House this time is composed of the American people. And I refuse to be sidetracked from the main issue, and that issue is a plea, yes, a citizen's demand that the officials who swear allegiance to the Constitution as a part of their oath of office, and the "higher ups" who write editorials and deliver pleasing platitudes about "the majesty of the law" shall begin at home and practice what they preach. [Applause.]

LET NEWSPAPERS "REPENT AND BE CONVERTED"

I have a debate—a sorrowful debate—and the Constitution of the United States has a righteous quarrel, with the leading newspapers of the land. Chiefly "wet" from the beginning, but seized with a temporary spasm of decent loyalty to the new-made law, they have rarely gone further than to say: "Now that prohibition is the law, it ought to be enforced; but if it can not be enforced better than it is now, it ought to be repealed." Then they joke with pun and fun and try to bring the law into disrepute. What fatal folly in editorial leadership! What a falling down before a measureless responsibility! They know that Chief Justice Taft was right when he said that this law has not had a proper opportunity to function.

After America's long national debauch, three years is not time enough to sober up in face of the enormous stocks of liquor on hand when prohibition was enacted. These short-sighted opponents of prohibition want to repeal our law after three years because it has not been an ideal success, when they know that this law has been attacked by foreign influences without and betrayed by vicious enemies within—bombarded, submarined, and torpedoed every hour of every day and night by criminals who have neither conscience nor character—criminals who are seeking to fill their hellish purses by the defiance of every law of God and man and the insidious damnation of your children and mine. On which side will the newspapers and magazines stand—these supposed constructive builders of our social, economic, and governmental life? Will they continue to encourage the law breakers and liars who are despoiling our civilization? Or will they run up the black flag toward these devilish pirates against humanity and take their place beside the door of the home, the church, and the school as the real defenders of American youth—"the to-morrow of the Republic"? Talk about repeal—they might as well talk about repealing the Ten Commandments of God because, after thousands of years, they are broken every day. [Applause.]

Because of my plea that all public officials shall stop drinking liquor, the Baltimore Sun not only calls me "the Mad Mullah of Georgia politics" but

mockingly suggests that I introduce the twentieth amendment to the Constitution, requiring all officials to take an oath of allegiance to the Anti-Saloon League." Citizens of America, it comes with poor grace for a paper like the Baltimore Sun, that threw its guardian arms around the dirty saloon, fighting for its legal retention and now praying—if it ever prays—for its legal return; the paper that opposed a concurrent prohibition law for Maryland, while standing unblushingly for race-track gambling and other forms of protected vice; I say, it comes with poor grace for such a "wet" sheet to attack a sober demand for sober officials by a sober Member of Congress, and then try to ridicule a great, unselfish, effective organization like the Anti-Saloon League, that came into being for the express purpose of putting the legalized saloon out of business, and that continues its activities to see to it that the legalized saloon and brewery shall stay out of business.

And the Washington Post—let us all smile—makes the editorial declaration that my proposition is "an absurdity." Let us see about that: The purpose of our Constitution and the laws to enforce it, is to prevent the use of beverage intoxicants. Is there anything absurd in carrying out the purpose of the Constitution of the United States? And, inasmuch as it is the high duty of the editor of a great paper to lead the community in its truest patriotism and its loftiest ideals, I ask, without apology, how any editor can call my plea for sober

loyalty to the Constitution an absurdity who does not keep liquor on his own premises for bacchanalian purposes? When President Harding recently declared before this House that the lack of law enforcement on this question "is the most demoralizing factor in our public life," and when he further indicted the "destructive forces engaged in widespread violation, official corruption, and individual demoralization," he called for the personal obedience and the newspaper influence of the owner of the Washington Post, the Washington Herald, the Washington Times, the Washington Star, the Washington News, and every representative of every newspaper in the National Capital, just as much as he called for the obedience and the influence of the Billville Banner and the Podunk Paddle. If any of these editors take umbrage at my calling their names, let them come to me and apologize and I will gladly forgive them. If they will declare that they have done their personal and their editorial best in behalf of prohibition, I will crown them as heroic builders of our sober, Christian civilization; but if they have not, then I indict them as dangerous slackers in the mightiest moral battle our country has ever seen. [Applause.]

The newspapers of the country and all the friends of sobriety and good government have great reason to hold up the hands of the prohibition enforcement leaders. Commissioner Haynes, bringing to his stupendous task a reputation for unsullied integrity,

has shown an amazing genius and energy in organization that has impressed business men and patriots everywhere, that he and his comrades in arms are going to put the thing over—grandly over! The story of his victories reads like a revised edition of the acts of the Apostles, with “Scottish Chiefs” and “Arabian Nights” thrown in.

Hats off to the leaders for a sober citizenship! They are fighting to victory every day.

Let all newspapers join the march!

BLIND LEADERSHIP OF THE PRESS

The estimate of the thoughtful public concerning the obligations of the press is found in the following letter from a prominent minister in Kansas:

HUMBOLDT, KANS., *December 22, 1922.*

HON. WM. D. UPSHAW,
Washington, D. C.

MY DEAR SIR: Your fine, straightforward utterances before the House yesterday will be greatly appreciated by the friends of righteousness all over the land. Probably few will write to tell you so, but where one writes there will be thousands who will say with me, “Strength be to your arm, courage be to your heart, and power to your message.”

You have hit the nail on the head. Now go after the great newspapers and magazines of the country which are continually making a joke of law violation. These two forces have had more to do with bringing reproach upon the country than any other two—the violation of the law in high places and the making of

it a laughingstock by the press. The best of the country is with you.

Cordially,

ELBERT E. SATTERLEE.

The Columbia Sentinel, the paper of the late Senator Thomas E. Watson, enjoying a national circulation and now edited by the brilliant former secretary of Senator Watson, Grover C. Edmonson, says:

Upshaw's advice to the men "higher up" is good sense, sound law, and wholesome honesty. If public officials themselves violate one of our laws, what right have they to jail the average man for committing the same sin?

DON MARQUIS SAYS REQUEST IS NOT IMPUDENT

Of the many editorial comments concerning my proposition, none has been more striking than the unique one-column treatment given by the popular author and playwright, Don Marquis, in the New York Tribune. He declares that "there is nothing at all impudent in Upshaw's call for a show-down among Government officials." He says it is so well known that many high officials do drink that it is perfectly natural and proper for the fellows down in the ranks who are made to obey the law to ask the "higher ups," "Where did you get your liquor?" [Applause.]

It would be manifestly immodest for me to fill

page after page of the "Congressional Record" with the enthusiastic indorsements coming from all over America, but here is one from a great Texas lawyer now in New York that sounds a clarion note too forceful to be omitted:

THE TEXAS CO.,
NEW YORK, *December 21, 1922.*

MY DEAR MR. UPSHAW: I want you to know that I, in common with many thousands of other American citizens who believe in law enforcement, and especially members of the legal profession, whole-heartedly and unqualifiedly approve the statement which you gave to the public through the press yesterday. On November 26 Senator David A. Reed of Pennsylvania gave out a ringing statement to the press, deprecating the disposition of many citizens, otherwise law-abiding, to lightly and with impunity disregard the prohibition statutes. The following day I wrote him in effect that I strongly believed that every good American citizen should insist on the strict enforcement of the prohibition statutes and decline to countenance their violation by drinking with their friends, and added:

"If a few thousand representative professional and business men of the Nation would adopt, and let it be known that they have adopted, this acid test, I am persuaded that their example would rapidly spread and give an impetus to the wholesome public sentiment demanding the enforcement of the law."

I am glad that you—a Member of the Congress—have appealed to the President, the Vice President, the members of the Cabinet, the governors of States, judges and others in high office, to set the example of reform by each beginning on himself. Most of my life I have been an antiprohibitionist. While never a

heavy drinker, I was not, prior to the adoption of the eighteenth amendment and the passage of the Volstead Act, a teetotaler, but I believe it is the duty of every law-abiding and self-respecting citizen to set the example to others of respecting the law, and hence I decline liquors in any form.

Is it not feasible to follow up your interview with a nation-wide movement to secure individual pledges from prominent men not to drink strong liquor, socially or otherwise?

Of course, the principle for which you and I are contending applies equally to all law, including statutes affecting industry. I have in several papers which I have prepared sought to give emphasis to these views, and I take the liberty of inviting your particular attention to the marked passages on pages 11 and 12 of the inclosed copy of an address delivered by me last December before the second annual meeting of the American Petroleum Institute, dealing with "legitimate functions of trade associations." The greatest security for the protection of the rights of life and property is to instill in the minds of the masses of the people a wholesome respect for the law, and men possessing property should, as a measure of self-protection, if for no higher or better reason, set to the world an example of observing and supporting the law as long as it is the law, whether they believe in it or not.

Yours very truly,

EDWIN B. PARKER.

HON. W. D. UPSHAW,

Member of Congress, Washington, D. C.

TROUBLE WITH FOREIGN SENTIMENT

One letter from a good woman in the foreign

section of a great city carries a tone of despair concerning the attitude of our foreign-born population. Inimical to the spirit of our institutions and opposed to all of our restrictive laws, they are constituting the greatest barrier to prohibition enforcement, especially in our great cities. One of the chiefest and sanest tasks of the Anti-Saloon League publications is to carry in their own language the message of sober Americanism to the foreign peoples among us.

This I know—that every alien who defies the flag that protects him just one time ought to be deported by the first ship that sails. [Applause.]

Down yonder in that beautiful and loyal “city of the plains,” Abilene, Tex., where our vigilant colleague, Thomas L. Blanton, lives, I saw hanging still upon the door of the patriotic city clerk this warning of recent war times:

This is an American town. Don’t criticize our President or our Government. If you don’t like our country, go back to your own country; if you have no country, go to hell.

[Laughter and applause.]

Of course, we do not want anybody to go to hell, but if they are determined to go there anyhow by selling and drinking bootleg liquor, refusing to repent, and defying the laws of God and man, they would better go before they do any more to enlarge their own patch of hell in this country that ought

to be the aggressive friend of sobriety and righteousness.

One of the worst indictments against liquor is the fact that it destroys all patriotism and all sense of personal and party loyalty. It will make a German, a Frenchman, an Italian, an Englishman, or an Irishman out of an American in three minutes if there is a barrel of booze or the boodle of booze just across the line. [Laughter.] It will turn a Republican into a Democrat—or, worse than that, it will turn a Democrat into a Republican [laughter] overnight if liquor can win thereby. [Applause.] One of the breeziest reactions from my recent bone-dry speech, which came from Plattsburg, N. Y., illustrates this very indictment. He says:

DEAR SIR: You have the right theory on prohibition. Here is an addition for you:

“Four and twenty Yankees,
Feeling mighty dry,
Took a trip to Canada
And bought a case of rye.
When the case was opened
The Yanks began to sing—
‘To hell with the President!
God save the King!’”

Yours truly,

B. L.

[Great laughter and applause.]

A MESSAGE TO FOREIGN EMBASSIES

This is the spirit of countless men who want liquor and get it. They shift their allegiance from Uncle Sam to John Barleycorn and say, "To hell with all law that interferes with my personal liberty!" One problem that calls for delicate but firm treatment is the use and abuse of liquor shipments to some of our foreign embassies. An able man who was an attaché of our State Department for more than 30 years has written me in desperate seriousness on this question. He has seen the prohibition ideals of this prohibition country suffer terribly right here in the Nation's Capital because of the social exchange of intoxicants that "lead to bewilder and dazzle to blind." This prominent diplomatic observer believes that a polite, forceful note, such as our brilliant Secretary of State knows so well how to write, would cause a ready and universal response from all foreign embassies and legations, who would really rejoice, once they saw our position, to help the United States of America, the first great nation that has launched upon the greatest moral experiment of all time, to work out here at the heart of national and international influences that great plan for the redemption of humanity which is contemplated in the passage and ratification of the eighteenth amendment to our Constitution.

IS IT WRONG FOR THE CITIZEN TO DRINK?

Since honest men differ on this point, let me urge that one of the fundamental questions in this controversy is, "What legal right has any law-abiding citizen to drink intoxicating liquors as a beverage intoxicant under our national prohibition policy?"

In the first place, in reaching a conclusion about this, it is well to keep in mind what is the purpose of these prohibition laws. It is not simply to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor. There is no great harm, except the waste of good food material, in manufacturing intoxicating liquors. No one gets drunk simply because he transports or sells intoxicating liquors. The purpose of all of this prohibition legislation is to prevent the use of beverage intoxicants. The courts with practical unanimity have so held, and that long before the national prohibition amendment was adopted. In *State v. Maine* (20 L. R. A. 496), the court said:

It is common knowledge that it is the use of intoxicating liquor as a beverage that is deemed hurtful and is the mischief sought to be prevented by the legislation.

Marks v. State (159 Ala. 71), at page 84:

The main object and purpose of all is the same . . . to promote temperance and prevent drunkenness. . . . The evil to be remedied is the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage . . . and the object of the law

in this particular must not be lost sight of in its interpretation.

State *v.* Phillips, 67 So. 651:

The ultimate purpose and end of prohibition is to prevent the use of liquors as a beverage. This ultimate end is approached step by step, and when the preponderant and prevailing morality of the Nation believes that the public welfare demands the final step the way will be found to accomplish the end.

The United States Circuit Court of Appeals, 219 Fed. Rep. 794:

In trying to comprehend the legislative purpose in prohibition statutes it is important to remember that the ultimate end sought in prohibition legislation is not the prevention or restriction of the mere sale of intoxicants, but the prevention of their consumption as a beverage.

It is clear from these decisions, which might be multiplied from nearly every State in the Union, that when national prohibition was adopted as our policy of Government it was intended to prevent the use of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes. The only legal right that anyone has to use intoxicating liquor as a beverage must be set forth in the law, if such use is legal. The Constitution itself prohibits the manufacture, the sale, the transportation, the importation, and the exportation of

beverage intoxicants. The national prohibition act prohibits these same acts and the possession of all beverage intoxicants in his bona fide residence at the time the law went into effect. This provision was inserted in the law largely for the reason that the Supreme Court at the time this legislation was pending had left in doubt the power of Congress to prohibit that which was lawfully in the possession of the holder when the legislation went into effect. Since that time the Supreme Court has made it clear that Congress has that power. The court has also held that such intoxicants in the possession of the home owner, in a private locker in a warehouse could be transferred to his home for his own individual use.

In other words, the only person who can legally possess any beverage intoxicants is the one who had purchased it and possessed it actually or constructively in his home before the law went into effect. There is probably not one in a thousand homes in the United States that has any beverage intoxicants left in it that were lawfully purchased and possessed before the law went into effect. In the limited number of homes where they do have such intoxicants the amount is rapidly reaching the zero point.

MOST DRINKERS VIOLATE THE LAW

It follows, therefore, that every person who drinks intoxicating liquor to-day except in his home or as a

bona fide guest in a home of another is violating the law. No one can drink liquor without first possessing it; no one can possess beverage intoxicants without first buying them from either a bootlegger or a moonshiner except as above stated. In other words, every person who carries beverage intoxicants to his club, to his office, or transports such beverage intoxicants anywhere except under a permit from the Government is violating the law. So far as I am concerned personally I would gladly vote for a measure to prohibit the possession of intoxicating beverages, even though they were purchased and possessed in the home of the owner before the law went into effect. I can not believe that a good citizen, who puts the public welfare above his private thirst, will find it any great sacrifice to abolish from his own cellar that which the Constitution of the United States denounces as a menace to society.

My appeal, therefore, to that limited class that still have the legal right to possess the liquors which they purchased before the law went into effect is to be patriotic enough to refuse to use such liquors even though the law has not as yet prohibited their possession. My main point, however, is simply this—that no public official or private citizen has any legal right to transport beverage intoxicants anywhere or possess them except in his bona fide residence. The public official has a greater obligation resting upon him, if that is possible, than the

private citizen. He takes his oath of office to support the Constitution "without reservation or purpose of evasion." He can not fulfill that oath of office and carry with him intoxicating beverages or possess them except under conditions which I have already named.

BAD EXAMPLE TO THE ANARCHIST

There is another phase of this issue which ought to have its weight with us: How can any public official or private citizen insist upon others obeying laws relating to personal and property rights if they insist on disobeying a constitutional provision of the United States relating to beverage intoxicants? That official sets a bad example to the potential anarchist when he violates the prohibition law because of his thirst, and then expects the Bolshevist and anarchist to have a higher regard for property laws and other statutes relating to personal rights.

My appeal, therefore, to those few who have a limited amount of liquor in their possession legally, is to give it up for the public good. To that larger class who are using beverage intoxicants and possessing them in violation of law, I appeal to your loyalty to the Constitution and to the laws enacted pursuant thereto, to never purchase or possess one drop of intoxicating beverages as long as the eighteenth amendment remains in the Constitution.

This question is fundamental to the perpetuity of the Nation. If this law is to be broken because

it interferes with our morbid thirst, then every other law on the statute books will be in jeopardy. I do not know how you may feel about it, but, as for me, I believe with William Tyler Page that "it is my duty to my country to love it, to support its Constitution, to obey its laws, to respect its flag, and to defend it from all enemies," and the greatest, most insidious enemy of our country is the conscienceless despoiler of our citizenship.

FURNISHING THE EVIDENCE

I have naturally kept for the last that feature of my address which many were anxious to hear first—the evidence concerning official drinking. Let us keep the record straight. Those who heard my last speech will testify what the official record will show—that I made no threat that I would publish in Congress the names of known offenders. I did not draw a sword; I made an appeal. I tried to bring a Christmas evangel. Enterprising newspaper men naturally put in the same news story with my general charges the simultaneous arrest of a certain gilded bootlegger. They naturally imagined I would go after his list of customers. I did not have to go; I knew enough already to well-nigh break the heart of any man who loves to see public men walk in sobriety and righteousness before the youth of our land. I do not surrender one jot or one tittle of the melancholy facts in that Christmas appeal. While I have gloried in the high personnel of this Con-

gress, and while I have rejoiced to pay tribute on countless platforms to the regnant manhood of the vast majority of my colleagues, I declare now what most of you know—what the gentleman from Maryland knows, if he has not been deaf and blind—that bootleggers ply their devilish trade among too many public men in Washington. These bright newspaper men in the press gallery laughed out loud when they grabbed my recent speech and sent it flashing over the wires, and they said to me, “Everybody knows you have told the truth. That is what gives value to your declaration.”

I have seen with my own eyes some of the highest officials in Washington, not Members of either branch of Congress, lifting the devilish bottle to their lips. No “dry” official will stand up and declare an alibi, because his reputation does not make it necessary; and the drinking ones will not dare deny, for other eyes than mine were witnesses with me. And as for Members of this House. God knows I find no pleasure in this disclosure, but the bright daughter of one of the best men in Congress said to me: “We are with you. I wish you could stop liquor selling and drinking in this House Office Building.” And here is a signed letter that says:

—, a professional bootlegger, told me a year ago “the House Office Building furnishes my best customers, and as long as those ‘blankety-blanks’ keep buying I am going to keep on selling.” I have re-

ported him several times, but they let him pay a fine, and he goes right back to bootlegging. He does nothing else.

I want to say, gentlemen, that any judge who will continue to license such a conscienceless vampire to suck the heart blood of any community is not fit to be judge of a coop of chickens. [Applause.] And the man, Congressman or other high official, who sneakingly helps that scoundrel to damn the youth of any country is unworthy to hold any office beneath the flag. [Applause.]

CONGRESS NOT A JUSTICE COURT

Why do I not furnish their names to this House to-day? This House of Representatives is not a justice court—this Congress is not a police matinée. This is not the tribunal to act on these names and offenses. But I declare to you, here and now, that all the evidence that is put into my hands from this day will be promptly turned over to Federal and local officers; and with this evidence I will turn in the name of a high official—not a diplomat—who returned from abroad some time ago with more than a score of cases of foreign liquor marked "Diplomatic." God knows I do this with no desire to wound any living man.

The Supreme Court fortifies your supreme conscience and mine on this ethical, judicial, and patriotic point when Mr. Justice Gray declares:

It is the duty and the right not only of every peace officer of the United States but of every citizen to assist in prosecuting and in securing the punishment of any breach of the peace of the United States. It is the right as well as the duty of every citizen, when called upon by the proper officer, to act as part of the posse comitatus in upholding the laws of his country. It is likewise his right and his duty to communicate to the executive officers any information which he has of the commission of an offense against those laws; and such information given by a private citizen is a privileged and confidential communication, for which no action of libel or slander will lie, and the disclosure of which can not be compelled without the assent of the Government.

But my colleagues, friends and comrades of a sacred fellowship, and fathers, most of you, of sons and daughters who are to be your crown and joy or your voiceless despair, I summon you to the vigilant comradeship of helping to make Washington safe for our homes here and the homes of the Nation everywhere. I do this for the sake of making the most beautiful flag in all the world "a stainless flag" before the eyes of all the world. I do this for the sake of the Constitution which every one of us has sworn to obey and defend, remember, "without mental reservation or purpose of evasion." I do it for the sake of the ideals that must control your own children, who are dearer to you than the ruddy drops that gather in your hearts. I do this for the sake of my own little daughters

and the homes they are to make some day, perhaps for some of your misguided sons. The mother of the Gracchi sounded a filial tribute that has inspired parents for all time when she said of her sturdy sons, "These are my jewels." I hold aloft this picture dream of my own girlyies and declare "These are my jewels." And these are my reasons, my radiant, priceless reasons, for making no compromise before the angels of heaven or the demons of hell with the poisoned enemies of our homes, our churches, our schools, and our threatened civilization. And I speak the truth—I lie not; I would rather see these darlings of mine laid away together in one white coffin while their mother to-day prays from her sick bed for the message of their father to the leaders of America than to see them grow up to wed the weak and staggering sons from some Godless home that has been wrecked by the leadership of gilded, drinking officials.

God give us men—
Sober, sun-crowned men—
Who will inspire America's plastic youth
And lead toward heights sublime!

Finally, my colleagues, I preach no doctrine that I do not practice. Put a sleuthhound after my tracks from the birthday of my citizenship until this day, and if you find I have not practiced the thing for which I now plead, I will resign from Congress.

This proposition is not extreme—it is just

straight. A man who is "tolerably" honest is not honest at all. He must simply be honest—that is all.

My position is sane; it is safe; it is unequivocal; it is incontestable! An official who takes an oath to stand by the Constitution ought to obey the law supporting that Constitution.

And the man who helps a bootlegger to trample the Constitution beneath his feet and defy the flag above his head ought to resign from Congress and every other position of official leadership beneath the Stars and Stripes. [Applause.]

God give us leadership everywhere that will inspire our children toward noble, God-fearing, sober lives! [Applause.]

XVI

SENATOR THOMAS E. WATSON — AD- DRESS AT MEMORIAL EXERCISES IN CONGRESS

Sunday, February 11, 1923

MR. UPSHAW. Mr. Speaker and gentlemen of the House: "History has furnished but one perfect example" declared the eloquent J. C. C. Black in beginning his memorable speech at the unveiling of the Ben Hill monument in Atlanta; but the pages of history shine with the names and the deeds of men whose notable achievements have been at once the legacy and the inspiration of mankind. We have met to-day beneath the dome of this historic Capitol in the Capital of the proudest and happiest Nation on earth to pay tribute to a man—a scholar, a statesman—whose outstanding ability and whose remarkable versatility gave his name and his books an honored place in the libraries of two continents, and carried him to the shining pinnacle of the highest elective office, save one, in the United States of America.

Thomas E. Watson was humanly human, and

therefore he was not a perfect man. His very humanity made thousands love him more. But any impartial study of notable men of notable achievements must admit that there was something tremendously unusual and notably worthy that caused this typical American boy of humble birth to so mightily grip the hearts of the masses that more than 10,000 people journeyed to his funeral in the now famous little town of Thomson, Ga.—people who followed him in life as “the Stormy Petrel of Georgia politics”—some in reverence, some in awe, some in reasoning sequence, some in blind and unreasoning devotion, but all with an unmatched enthusiasm—for they believed, somehow, that “Tom” Watson was the friend and fearless champion of the “common man.”

I saw those thousands that memorable September day—stunned, saddened, silent—wounded, wondering, weeping—feeling that one of their own number, one of their closest friends or relatives, even one of their family circle, had been called by God, leaving a vacant chair, an empty throne, which no other could ever fill.

A memorial address in a sacred hour like this is a good place for frankness and honesty; it is certainly not a place for other than honesty; and in that spirit of frankness which Thomas E. Watson would himself approve, I must say that I did not indorse some things which Mr. Watson did, nor some measures for which he stood; and frankly,

again, I am quite sure he did not indorse some things I did and some measures for which I stood; but we were personal friends, each recognizing the right and the duty of the other to think honestly and act fearlessly before the bar of personal conscience and political action.

In the brief compass of this memorial tribute, in which so many friends and colleagues join, it is manifestly impossible to record or even refer to many of Senator Watson's notable achievements; but to me, far more than the fact that he was one time the nominee for Vice President, and then the nominee for President by a national convention of political pathfinders, two things stand out above all others among his pioneer constructive efforts—his initial steps toward that great, beneficent legislation in behalf of the American farmer, rural free delivery, and his authorship of the anti-liquor plank in the Populist platform of 1896.

Professor Arnett, of Columbia University, in his book, "The Populist Movement in Georgia," records that the Populists came out for prohibition in that year, and that Mr. Watson, their acknowledged leader, wrote their platform demand for prohibition.

The masses were not ready for it then, but such pioneer declarations helped to blaze the trail for the "White Ribbon" legions who finally marched to constitutional victory. While a Member of Congress from the tenth district of Georgia in 1892,

Mr. Watson had already startled the country by his revelations concerning the barroom in the Capitol—the beginning of the fight which finally drove that insidious den of drink and shame from beneath the Capitol dome, and serving as a prohibition object lesson to the whole country, for the people naturally reasoned that if the debauching saloon was not fit for lawmakers in the National Capitol building, then surely it was not fit for the youth of America who would some day be the lawmakers or the lawbreakers of the Nation.

Leading Georgia papers declared at the time that the brilliant young representative of the tenth Georgia district had suffered the fate of practically all reformers—that he had lost all his influence in Congress by trying to bring about such a radical change in the habits and customs of recognized leaders. Henry Grady said:

All reforms are born through doubt and suspicion, but back of them, as back of the coming sun, stands the Lord God Almighty.

While naturally, of course, many would have rejoiced to see Senator Watson more vigorous toward the passage and enforcement of the Federal prohibition amendment, we rejoice to remember that his first public speech was the plea of a purposeful, eloquent youth against the liquor traffic, and that he has left to history one of the most graphic and powerful arraignments of "The Wine Cup" and

"The Song of the Bar Room" in all literature. Every young man, every young woman, in America—yea, in the world—who is tempted to "look on the wine when it is red" and plunge into the debauching fascinations of bacchanalian revelry ought to read these brilliant and immortal warnings:

THE WINE CUP

(By Thomas E. Watson)

It is a warrior whom no victory can satisfy, no ruin satiate. It pauses at no Rubicon to consider, pitches no tent at nightfall, goes into no quarters for winter. It conquers amid the burning plains of the South, where the phalanx of Alexander halted in mutiny. It conquers amid the snowdrifts of the North, where the grand army of Napoleon found its winding sheet. Its monuments are in every burial ground. Its badges of triumph are the weeds which mourners wear. Its song of victory is the wail that was heard in Ramah: "Rachel crying for her children and weeping because they are not."

It never buries the hatchet; its temple of Janus never closes its doors. No dove of peace ever carries its message; in its hand is never the olive branch. It sends no flag of truce, and receives none; its wounded are left where they fall, and its dead bury their dead. Every citadel that it storms, it devastates; and in every charge which it makes its cry is, "No quarter."

Those who fall before its onset die deaths of shame; and they go down to dishonored graves to which love can bring no willing tribute of flowers, and over which pride can rear no enduring monument. To its pris-

oners it grants no exchange, holds them to no ransom, but clutches them fast in a captivity that is worse than death, and which ends only at the grave.

The sword is mighty, and its bloody traces reach across time, from Nineveh to Gravelotte, from Marathon to Gettysburg. Yet mightier is its brother, the wine cup. I say "brother," and history says "brother." Castor and Pollux never fought together in more fraternal harmony. David and Jonathan never joined in more generous rivalry. Hand in hand, they have come down the centuries, and upon every scene of carnage, like vulture and shadow, they have met and feasted.

Yea; a pair of giants, but the greater is the wine cup. The sword has a scabbard, and is sheathed; has a conscience, and becomes glutted with havoc; has pity, and gives quarter to the vanquished. The wine cup has no scabbard and no conscience, its appetite is a cancer which grows as you feed it; to pity, it is deaf; to suffering, it is blind.

The sword is the lieutenant of death, but the wine cup is his captain; and if ever they come home to him from their wars, bringing their trophies, boasting of their achievements, I can imagine that death, their master, will meet them with garlands and song, as the maidens of Judea met Saul and David. But as he numbers the victims of each, his pæan will be: "The sword is my Saul, who has slain his thousands; but the wine cup is my David, who has slain his tens of thousands."

THE SONG OF THE BAR ROOM

(By Thos. E. Watson)

Alive, let us live. Where is Yesterday? Lost forever. Where's To-morrow? It may never come.

To-day is *here*. Within its fleeting hours, runs the only certainty that you'll ever know. Come! eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow you die!

The chains of Self-restraint are galling—throw them off! The burden of Duty is grievous—fling it down! The cross of Responsibility is crushing—let another bear it!

Live for *yourself*: live for the *Now*: live for the *lust of living*.

Drink! and forget dull Care! and ease the heart-ache. Drink! and drown the passion for the unattainable.

See how men are drawn to me! My lights blaze a brilliant welcome: I am never too hot nor too cold. Mirrowed Vanity smirks in my gilded reflectors; and no one is ill at ease in my Free-for-all Club. No shrewish wife can tongue-lash you here; no peevish child annoy you with its cries. Leave to *them* the ugliness of your haggard home and come unto me for comfort. Theirs, the cold and gloom and the lonely vigil—yours, the warmth and glow and social joy.

Clink your glasses, men! Drink again, "*Here's hoping*." 'Tis well to toast her here, where begins the trail to the grave of Hope. Be jolly; let the place ring with laughter: relate the newest story—the story that matches the nude pictures on the wall.

What's that? A dispute, angry oaths, a violent quarrel, the crash of overturned chairs, the gleam of steel, the flash of guns, the stream of life-blood, the groans of dying men?

Oh, well, it might have happened anywhere. The hearts of mothers and fathers I wrench with pain; the souls of wives I darken with woe. I smite the mansion and there are wounds that gold can not salve; the hut I invade, and poverty sinks into deeper pits.

I sow and I till, and I reap where I sow, and my harvest—is what?

Men so brutalized that all of humanity is lost, save the physical shape—men reeking with moral filth, stony of heart, bestial in vice—men who hear the name of God with a wrathful stare or a burst of scornful mirth; men who listen to the death rattle of any victim of their greed or their lusts without a sign of pity.

And the women, too. How can I fitly sing of the woman of my harvest time? Did you ever hear her laugh? It must be the favorite music of the damned. Did you ever hear her ribald talk? The very sewers might shrink at bearing it away. Have you ever heard her libidinous songs? Did you ever watch her eyes—those defiant, mocking, hopeless, shameless eyes?

What warriors have I not vanquished? What statesmen have I not laid low? How many a Burns and Poe have I not dragged down from ethereal heights? How many a Sidney Carton have I not made to weep for a wasted life? How many times have I caused the ermine to be drawn through the mud?

Strong am I—irresistibly strong.

Samson-like, I strain at the foundations of character; and they come toppling down, in irremediable ruin. I am the cancer, beautiful to behold, and eating my remorseless way into the vitals of the world. I am the pestilence, stalking my victims to the cottage door and the palace gate. No respecter of persons, I gloat over richly-garbed victims no more than over the man of the blouse.

The church, I empty it; the jail, I fill it; the gallows, I feed it. From me and my blazing lights run straight the dark roads to the slums, to the prisons, to the bread lines, to the madhouse, to the potter's field.

I undo the work of the school. I cut the ground

from under law and order. I'm the seed bed of poverty, vice, and crime. I'm the leper who buys toleration, and who has not to cry "Unclean." I'm the licensed ally of sin. I buy from the State the right to lay dynamite under its foundations. For a price they give me the right to nullify the work of law-makers, magistrates, and rulers. For a handful of gold I am granted letters of marque, to sail every human sea and prey upon its lifeboats.

Huge battleships they build, casing them triply with hardened steel; and huge guns they mount on these floating ramparts, until a file of dreadnoughts line the coast—for what? To be ready for perils that may never come. But I give them a pitiful purse; and, in return, they issue to me the lawful right to unmask *my* batteries on every square; and my guns play upon humanity every day and every night of every year. And were my destroyers spread out upon the sea they would cover the face thereof.

Around that grief-bowed woman *I* threw the weeds of widowhood—but I paid for the chance to do it; and *they who took my money knew that I would do it.*

To the lips of that desolate child *I* brought the wail of the orphan—but I bought the right to do it; and *they who sold me the right knew what would come of it.*

Yes! I inflamed the murderer: I maddened the suicide; I made a brute of the husband: I made a diabolical hag out of the once beautiful girl: I made a criminal out of the once promising boy: I replaced sobriety and comfort by drunkenness and pauperism—but don't blame *me*; *blame those from whom I purchased the legal right to do it.*

No Roman Emperor ever dragged at his chariot wheels on the day of his triumph such multitudes of

captives as grace my train. Tamerlane's marches of devastation were as naught beside my steady advance over the conquered millions. The Cæsars and the Attilas come and go—comets whose advent means death and destruction, for a season: *but I go on forever, and I take my ghastly toll from all that come to mill.*

In civilization's ocean I am the builder of the coral reef on which the ship goes down: of its citadel, I'm the traitor who lets the enemy in: of its progress, I'm the fetter and the clog: of its heaven, I'm the hell.

SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE

Conducting the funeral of Senator Watson, Dr. E. J. Forrester, the profound Bible scholar and Baptist preacher, who was the favorite pastor of the brilliant Georgian, brought out the fact that Senator Watson, who united with the Baptist Church in his youth, loved the simplicities and verities of "old-time religion," and such old-time songs as "How Firm a Foundation" and "On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand," and that he believed what everybody knew he believed—in that fundamental Americanism which Roger Williams taught—the absolute separation of Church and State, liberty of conscience and freedom of soul. His brilliant advocacy of these basic constitutional truths was like a blazing fire consuming everything before it that dared to touch the public treasury for sectarian purposes or dispute the supremacy of the American flag on the American continent.

HE COULD WEEP AS WELL AS FIGHT

It was hard for many who only thought of him in the heat of fierce political conflict to realize that "Tom" Watson, the fighting warrior of the hustings, had an intensely human heart that could obey the Biblical injunction to "weep with those who weep."

It was not merely the personal gratitude of one stricken family that learned that beautiful truth just after the Knickerbocker tragedy here in Washington, and not merely in his native Georgia were thousands moved to tears by his thoughtful, brilliant, tender words, but widely over America millions were touched and blessed when he had read before the Senate of the United States that beautiful editorial from the Washington Star entitled "Carolyn Upshaw," and addressing himself especially to the brave, striking words of faith and triumph, "Well, sister, I haven't cried yet," that fell from the smiling lips of that suffering, dying Christian girl of 16 years, Senator Watson melted the hearts of listening Senators and a listening Nation by his wonderful words of pathos, beauty, and immortal truth.

Thank God for the mission and the ministry of human tenderness and Christian sympathy!

E'en sorrow touched by love grows bright
With more than rapture's ray,
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day!

Senator Watson wrote me one time in response to my letter of sympathy when his beloved daughter died: "I have almost reached the limit of the men of my line, and I want to die at peace with all mankind." And one day when I sat near him in the Senate while a fellow Senator was making a bitter speech toward certain politicians, the tempestuous leader of many a stormy battle turned and gently said to me:

It is a pity for a political leader to indulge in bitterness. I realize that I have made a mistake to find myself so often breasting the waves of the current and harboring and using bitter speech. I feel the new responsibility of being a Senator upon me and I want to represent, not a bitter feud, but all the people of Georgia.

It is highly gratifying to Senator Watson's nation-wide circle of friends that his editorial ideals and potential activities did not stop with his untimely death, but that his paper, *The Columbia Sentinel*, is now being carried on by his former confidential secretary, Hon. Grover C. Edmonson, as the resourceful editor, and by that remarkably brilliant Georgia woman, Mrs. Alice Louise Lytle, as managing editor, who served in that capacity something like a dozen years during the life and labors of "The Chief," as his close associates affectionately called him.

Better than any other two persons of equal ability

on earth, they are capable of lifting aloft the torch he carried so long, and projecting into the future those fundamental principles of militant Jeffersonian democracy for which Thomas E. Watson so fearlessly and brilliantly stood. It is especially fortunate for the cause of sobriety that, in consonance with the spirit of the first public utterance of their "Chief" in his brilliant youth, The Columbia Sentinel is firing a broadside every week in behalf of the integrity of the Constitution and the strict enforcement of our prohibition law.

Victor, indeed, is that builder of states and nations who lived strongly enough to project his ideals beyond the touch of his own master hand and plant the seed—truths of a shining pyramid of light that will pierce the ages as they over it roll.

Do dreams of fame thy restless soul engage?
With sword or pen thou canst inscribe thy name
Upon the brow of Envious Time himself
And bid defiance to his blighting breath;
But thou must first build 'round thy human heart
An adamant wall, impregnable alike
To Love's sweet smile or Pity's tear,
On the altar of thy purposes lay
Freedom and ease and rest and calm content—
The joys of home, hope, happiness, and Heaven;
And when thou'st reached the lonely mountain top
And stand at sunset by the glittering thing
For which thou'st left the peaceful vale below,
Thou'lt find the brightness that had lured thee on
Above the dear companionship of men

Was but a mocking gleam of chilling light
Reflected from some bleak and icy cliff
That frowns above eternal fields of snow.

These lofty words by Tom F. McBeath, one of the South's most gifted poets and educators, describe the melancholy fate, the lonely isolation, of many a son of fame who has lost the "common touch" by climbing above and away from the masses of men and women, but Thomas E. Watson carried the plain people with him to the heights, realizing that they and their clinging love and faith had placed him there, and he accepted that faith and love as the gift and the call of duty and of God.

XVII

IMPROMPTU TRIBUTE TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Monday, February 12, 1923

MR. HOCH. Mr. Chairman, as the gentleman from Wyoming [Mr. Mondell] has said, it is well that we pause even in the midst of the pressure of business to-day to note the fact that this is the anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. One hundred and fourteen years ago to-day he was born, and for half that many years now he has "belonged to the ages."

There is no new thing to be said of Lincoln. There is no new thing to be said of the mountains, or of the sea, or of the stars. The years go their way, but the same old mountains lift their granite shoulders above the drifting clouds, and the same mysterious sea beats upon the shore, and the same silent stars keep holy vigil above a tired world. But to mountain and sea and star men turn forever in unwearied homage. And thus, with Lincoln, for he was mountain in grandeur of spirit; he was sea in under voice of mystic loneliness; he was star

in steadfast purity of purpose and of service. And he, too, abides. The years go their way, but with the name of Lincoln childhood still learns to voice a patriot's devotion, and with the name of Lincoln tears are called from old men's eyes, and there is no new thing to be said of him. But while the Republic endures, upon whose altar he laid his great mind and heart, while liberty is cherished, while civic virtue and service and sacrifice are honored in the earth, the name of Lincoln will be spoken in undying love by the sons of men. [Applause.]

MR. MONDELL. Mr. Chairman, I ask unanimous consent that the gentleman from Georgia [Mr. Upshaw] may address the committee for five minutes upon the subject of Abraham Lincoln.

THE CHAIRMAN. The gentleman from Wyoming asks unanimous consent that the gentleman from Georgia [Mr. Upshaw] be permitted to address the committee for five minutes upon the life of Abraham Lincoln. Is there objection?

MR. UPSHAW. Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the House, unexpectedly bidden to this moment, I felt that I would be recreant to every impulse of patriotism and national good will if I did not respond, although I had no time for preparation. Fortunately, any real American, appreciating rugged worth and lofty genius and rejoicing in the present fellowship of our reunited country, needs no specific preparation to speak a word of honest admiration

for that great, typical American, Abraham Lincoln. [Applause.] In that immortal message of Henry W. Grady before the New England dinner, the message that arrested the hearts of the Nation as the first southerner who had been invited to attend a New England society since the Civil War, he uttered that inspiring declaration concerning Lincoln. Doctor Talmage and General Sherman had talked about the ideal American as yet to come, when Grady said, "I am here to say to you that the ideal American has already come in the person and the spirit of Abraham Lincoln." No other man who has given himself to the building of American thought and American ideals had so much in his veins or in his place of birth or in the atmosphere that shaped his early manhood and his political affiliations to make him the typical American, capable of being honored alike by the sons of the South and the sons of the North. [Applause.] And really, Mr. Chairman and my colleagues, if I may be permitted a suggestion, I think that no celebration of Lincoln's birthday or of Washington's birthday, as for that, can ever be complete in this House if tribute is paid only by a son of the North. Lincoln carried in his veins and in the simple glory of his cabin birth the blood of the South, and in his ideals the inspiration and training of Illinois, the robust spirit of the West and the North.

We love, in an hour like this, to think of him, not

as born in Kentucky or reared in Illinois, but as a son of all America [applause], and it is fitting, I think, Mr. Chairman, regardless of the personal equation, that the son of a Confederate soldier whose father taught his boys around the family altar to love the flag of their reunited country, should be permitted in this National House of Representatives to lay a tribute of faith and love and honor upon the stainless name of Abraham Lincoln. [Applause.] May I add this other word. I rejoice not in divisions and partisan contentions but in the national fellowship of an hour of common purpose. I am a son of the South—I plead guilty to the soft impeachment; I was born beneath the ambient blue of her arching skies, I was rocked in the cradle of her beauty and glory, I am proud of her priceless contribution to the building of this Nation; but, loyal as I am to the memory of my fathers, their traditions and their heroic loyalties, I love always an hour like this that makes us forget the aisle between us and the lines of political and sectional cleavage—that makes us shake hands as one people beneath the beauty of those stars and the glory of those stripes that we all love so well. [Applause.]

I love to think of another thing in this hour, when official leadership and personal example are so greatly needed. I know some of you will smile when I say it, but go on and let the smile widen into nation-wide approval. I love to remember that Abraham Lincoln, recognizing the responsibility of

leadership, wrote with his own hand and signed with his own pen a pledge of total abstinence from strong drink, and urged the young manhood of America to follow his example. [Applause.]

And if he were living now, with his God-fearing spirit and his clear-headed patriotism, he would declare that the supreme question before the American people is the integrity of the Constitution, the majesty of the law, and personal and national sobriety. As a son of the South, as a friend of sobriety, law and order, and as the friend of an all-embracing Americanism, I rejoice to crown the memory of Abraham Lincoln, the typical American. [Applause.]

XVIII

NOT "VOLSTEADISM" BUT CONSTITUTIONAL AMERICANISM

However great any man's name, however outstanding any man's personality, let it be remembered that this law, which fought its way to victory as the expression of generations of agitation, education and prayerful consecration, is greater than any personality and more powerful than any name. This law is no more Volsteadism than it is Neal Dowism, or Francis E. Willardism, or John P. St. Johnism, or John G. Wooleyism, or Sam Jonesism, or George Stuartism, or Billy Sundayism, or Howard Russellism, or Wayne Wheelerism—it is greater, I tell you, a million times greater than any of these—it is Americanism, sane, sober, progressive, constitutional Americanism.

The greater part of this address was prepared to be delivered in Congress in reply to a speech by Hon. Bourke Cockran, representative from New York City. It had been multi-graphed, ready for delivery the next day when we were all shocked by the announcement of the great orator's sudden death. Although we differed sharply and fundamentally on the question of prohibition, I had great admiration for his splendid powers as an orator, and it is with due deference to his memory that I accept the suggestion of some of my colleagues to allow the argument to appear as originally prepared since it would lose much of its fitness and aptness if the personal equations were wholly eliminated. Other portions of the speech were delivered on the floor of the House.

W. D. U.

Thursday, March 1, 1923

MR. UPSHAW. Mr. Speaker and gentlemen of the House, it is an inspiring commentary on the immortality of human influence for a man to so live and so relate himself to a worthy cause that his name is given in unsullied honor to history's living page.

We honor such a builder of civilization to-day in the person of the gentleman from Minnesota, the Hon. Andrew J. Volstead, and it is eminently fitting that as he closes his long and honorable career as a Member of this Congress we should pause a few minutes in thoughtful, appreciative recognition of his distinguished services. Because of his character and his acknowledged ability he was made chairman of the Judiciary Committee, and because of this position his name is forever linked to our national enforcement law which the passage of the eighteenth amendment to the Constitution made incumbent upon Congress.

Regardless of any man's personal taste and legislative predilections, he must admit that it is a signal and imperishable honor to have one's name made the synonym of the greatest piece of moral and humanitarian legislation ever enacted through due constitutional process by any nation on earth. But I wish to protest, in the name of all the forces of righteousness in America, against the disparaging criticisms of the liquor press of this country con-

cerning what they are pleased to term "gloomy Volsteadism." They are seeking to discount national prohibition by the aspersive application of a personality or an epithet. However great any man's name, however outstanding any personality, let it be remembered that this law, which fought its way to victory as the expression of generations of agitation, education, and prayerful consecration, is greater than any personality and more powerful than any name. This law is no more "Volsteadism" than it is Neal Dowism, or Frances E. Willardism, or John P. St. Johnism, or John G. Wooleyism, or Sam Jonesism or George Stuartism, or Billy Sundayism, or Howard Russellism, or, Wayne Wheelerism—it is greater, I tell you, a million times greater than any of these—it is Americanism, sane, sober, constitutional Americanism [applause]—a triumphant, unselfish Americanism that stands, first of all, for the stainless purity and sobriety of its own flag and every home beneath that flag—and then, pray God, for altruistic leadership in carrying sobriety to the drinking, staggering world.

HAS WARMED MILLIONS OF HEARTHSTONES

We have all laughed about the story of that enterprising Pennsylvania citizen who hit upon a clever plan to replenish his winter coal supply. Erecting a sign, "Hurrah for Volstead!" beside the railroad, every trainman who mourned for his beer, every

hobo who liked illicit liquor as well as an illicit ride, would grab a lump of coal from the open car and hurl it at the sign. And before the winter was very far advanced he could take down his sign in thrifty triumph, for his coal bin was full and his furnace all aglow. [Laughter.]

Ah, my colleague from Minnesota, let the liquor editors rave about your name and the law you helped to frame and pass, but we love to remember that, because of the saving influence of the law that bears your honored name, fires have been kindled on millions of hearthstones that were erstwhile cold and desolate, millions of empty larders have been filled with plenty and to spare, and the roses of beauty and happiness, thank God, have been made to bloom on the wan and wasted cheeks of millions of wives and mothers and laughing children. Yes, hurrah for the eighteenth amendment and the Volstead law! [Laughter and applause.]

The strange, strange thing, gentlemen of this House, is that any friend of humanity can give courage to lawbreakers and liars by criticizing, instead of obeying and defending, this benevolent, wholesome law.

Although every honest man must agree that conditions are greatly improved over the old legalized reign of rum and ruin, we must also agree that President Harding told the truth when he recently said before this Congress that the situation is gravely serious, and before the curtain falls on the

Sixty-seventh Congress I desire to say a final word for vacation contemplation concerning the supremest question before the people of this country; and before coming to my main argument I wish to gratefully acknowledge the vigilant kindness of the gentleman from Michigan [Mr. Cramton], the ever-alert gentleman from Texas [Mr. Blanton], and the unique genial gentleman from Mississippi [Mr. Quin] in making prompt reply during my imperative absence to the "wet" speeches of the gentleman from Maryland [Mr. Hill] and the gentleman from New York [Mr. Cockran], whose rash efforts to answer my plea for sober officials and sober citizens led them into the commission of what I counted monumental follies. It is pertinent, perhaps, to say that I was celebrating that modern edition of the Fourth of July, the 16th of January, anniversary of the adoption of the eighteenth amendment, by addressing a great "dry" rally in New York, the home city of Mr. Cockran, and there I witnessed the militant birth of a national movement for sober officials and the righteous triumph of constitutional law that would make the black hair of Mr. Hill turn gray overnight and that would have caused consternation to the eloquent tribune of Tammany Hall and those gay "wet" twins from Boston, Hon. James Gallivan and Hon. George Holden Tinkham.

One other little side journey I wish to take before starting on the main line. I wish the genial and gentlemanly newspaper men to get straight for-

evermore my ecclesiastical status. In introducing my recent pleas for official sobriety the papers have referred to me as "a former evangelist" and the "preacher Congressman." I want it distinctly understood that I am not an "ex" anything. What I was I am. I am not an ordained preacher; I am just a layman, "a sinner saved by grace," I hope, believing with all my heart that since religion is the greatest thing in the world, holding within its compass the supremest issues of time and eternity, it is the commanding duty as well as the joyous privilege of every Christian man and woman to be active in church work, "every day and Sunday, too." For, remember, we are living the only life we shall ever live "between the two peaks of God's eternity," and no journeyman of the ages has a right to "kill time," for "it is time that is killing him."

TAKES COLLEAGUES INTO HIS CONFIDENCE

Very frankly, taking my colleagues into my confidence, one reason I have never been ordained to preach, I have wanted to feel free as a layman to help lick the fellow who jumps on preachers; whenever I hear a blind, stingy parasite say that "a p-r-e-a-c-h-e-r always hears the call where the biggest salary is," I want to be free as a layman to lash him with my tongue or crack him with my crutch and remind him that he is one of the "nuts" that do not pay any of the salary. And when I hear another blind parasite say that "preachers' children are

the worst children in the world," I love to be free as a layman to look him in the face and tell him "without mental reservation or purpose of evasion" that he is an unmitigated fool or an unfumigated liar—"either all or both." If one child of a preacher goes wrong, you tell the world; but you hear nothing of the ninety and nine who live on in the modest beauty and the conquering glory of their God-fearing lives, going out from the sacred influences of family altars and sacrificial parental example, making a positive gulf stream of blessing through the social, spiritual, educational, and political life of the Nation, fructifying every shore that it touches. Verily the faithful preacher is the pack horse of the community life. He restrains the erring, marries the loving, comforts the sorrowing, buries the dead, and then usually sinks into his grave without money enough to purchase his own winding sheet, because, like his Master, he has loved humanity better than he has loved worldly preferment or the "yellow glare of gold." Thinking of how preachers, Bibles, churches, and schools give fundamental value to our own homes, our property, and everything that is worth while in our treasured civilization, I love to be free as a layman to crown the underpaid preachers and teachers as the most unselfish men and women the world has ever seen.

AS STRAIGHT AS A STRAIGHT LINE

Let me say at the very outset that I challenge a

critical, honest review of my every statement concerning this matter, both before and since my plea for sober officials. My course in this contention has been as straight as the geometrical definition of a straight line—the shortest distance between two given points. I simply seized upon the President's call for a conference of governors to consider ways and means for a better enforcement of the prohibition law, to commend the power of official example as the quickest and surest way to get results; and while recommending the strict observance of the Volstead law and the spirit of the eighteenth amendment by all governors, I naturally—and I think very properly—widened the application to all officials in Washington and all officials everywhere, especially those whose oath of office calls for loyalty to the Constitution of the United States. The discussion of the sanity, safety, and crying necessity of this plea could hardly be called academic, for the converse of the proposition is unthinkable—it is simply preposterous.

Paying glad and grateful tribute to the vast majority of my colleagues who, I declared, practice the prohibition which their votes profess, I earnestly and honestly called on those who do not, to give up their bibulous habits and encourage all high officials to set an example of sobriety and obedience to law for the sake of clean citizenship and happy homes among the masses of the American people.

And despite the sensational hysterics of a few

very "wet" newspapers, the overwhelming majority of the correspondence in the press galleries being square, fair, and helpful, I have not sought to embarrass anybody but devilish, defiant bootleggers. As they can not live without patrons, I have tried to dissuade these patrons from their personal and official devilment. There was no occasion, it seems to me, for the excitement that has expressed itself in news columns, on editorial pages, and among the magazines and cartoonists of the country; but hostile editors may criticize and "wet" politicians may try to make it a joke, punmakers may pun, and funmakers make fun; but when a man knows he is on the side of the Constitution and sobriety he can be tranquil in heart and humbly but proudly conscious of victory. In the triumphant words of that old camp-meeting song he can "Smile at Satan's rage and face a frowning world." "Thrice armed is he whose cause is just."

A CHALLENGE TO LYRIC COMBAT

In the very first paragraph in Mr. Cockran's recent speech his offense is almost actionable. He dares to speak lightly of my original rhyme dedicated to the gentleman from Maryland [Mr. Hill].

First of all, the gentleman from New York must remember that I was dealing with a very light subject and I had to handle it in a very light vein. Mr. Cockran should have a heart—he should remember that the sublimest thought of all time has been em-

balmed in lilting rhyme, and he should also remember that it is a distinct compliment to any man's intellect to be able to conjure a readable rhyme out of such an unpoetic subject as Colonel John Phillip Hill and his program of booze! The fact is, if Mr. Cockran don't like my "dry" poetry, I challenge him to write a "wet" one that will beat it!

MR. HILL ELIMINATES HIMSELF

It will be remembered that the gentleman from Maryland [Mr. Hill] has effectively tied his own hands in his so-called defense of the good name of Congress by his declaration in St. Louis on May 10, 1922, as brought out by Mr. Crampton, that "there is nothing so thirsty as a dry Congressman" and that he "had to quit keeping liquor in his office because the drys drank it up from his wet friends." It is too funny!

The world admires in any one the valiant defense of the weak, and surely the gentleman from New York [Mr. Cockran] ought to have a Carnegie medal for the heroic manner in which he rushed to the side of the young champion of "wetdom," cooingly bidding him to rest that rash, youthful, defenseless head under the shadow of his protecting wing. But there is something of positive pathos in the picture of a diminutive canine seeking the protection of a huge mastiff that can do nothing but bark!

REPLYING TO A GREAT REPUTATION

Let it be understood that I am not proposing, primarily, to reply to Mr. Cockran's argument—to tell the gospel truth—it is too hard to find. But anybody knows that the Tammany Tribune has enjoyed for a quarter of a century a national reputation as a rare and radiant orator. Therefore, it is his reputation for eloquence that needs attention, for the news has gone out on the wings of the morning that the famous New York "Son of Thunder" has jumped with both feet on the "Shy young thing" who represents the Capital district of Georgia.

A PROSTITUTION OF CHARMS

But as I contemplate this unique pair of "moist" twins—perhaps I should make it triplets and include the gentleman from Boston [Mr. Tinkham], I am sure I feel what many altruistic patriots in this House have often felt—that if I were as handsome as the gentleman from Maryland [Mr. Hill], as eloquent as the gentleman from New York [Mr. Cockran] or as opulent and as literary as the gentleman from Boston [Mr. Tinkham] the Lord knows I would use my gifts and my charms for a better purpose than defending the "liberty" and license of the corrupting saloon—that saloon which was so long the protected breeder of idleness, the trysting-place of anarchy, the companion of brothel and the gateway to Hell.

HIS SPEECH A VAST AIRDOME

But what of Mr. Cockran's argument? As one of my constituents said about money during the recent panic—"There ain't any." His whole speech of 56 minutes reminds me of a vast airdome, boundless in space and starless in firmament, with a boggy morass beneath his sinking feet. Honor bright, in all good humor, the more I contemplate the measureless reaches and lingual labyrinths of his antiquated and exploded attempts at argument, I close my eyes and hear again that familiar sound at the endless end of an imperfect day, when the Chairman descends from his weary throne, faces the Mace and the Flag and says: "Mr. Speaker, the Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union has had under consideration H. R. Ten thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine and has come to no conclusion thereon." And the Speaker sonorously echoes back "has come to no conclusion thereon."

PRESERVING "LIBERTY" IN ALCOHOL

Packed into one paragraph, all who have heard the recent speeches of the eloquent gentlemen from New York and Boston will agree that they mean this and only this: That all laws must conform to the customs of the communities for which they are made, and that all efforts to regulate and restrain by law the inclinations, the habits, and the "liber-

ties" of the individual are born of fanaticism and doomed to failure. Weaving a halo of eloquence around the brow of the great lawyer, James C. Carter, who spent the last seven years of his life writing lectures for the Harvard Law School on "The Philosophy of Law," Mr. Cockran made this statement :

The main proposition underlying them was that all law is merely custom ; that no statute can have the force of law which does not enforce customs already established in the locality affected by it.

Why, gentlemen of the House, that unthinkable position would nullify every law of God and man from Sinai to Washington, D. C.—yea, and that utterly unthinkable contention would shatter the towering temple of every state and national government on earth. It would subject every governing entity to the caprice of every defiant atom. Illinois would tremble daily before the behest of Chicago, Ohio would crouch and cower when Cincinnati showed its gnashing teeth, Massachusetts would run under the bed when "rum cultured" Boston entered the door, and the Goddess of Liberty herself would splash into the waters of the Bay of New York or plunge from her sunlit apex on the proud dome of this Capitol in which we make laws for the whole Nation to-day just because boozy Baltimore and gay and godless Gotham shake their fists at the Constitution and the flag and tell sober "Uncle Sam" to go where it does not snow !

The difference between their concept of "liberty" and mine is this: I think liberty can be preserved in the duly enacted Constitution and in the loyal hearts of sober American citizens, and they think liberty "can only be preserved in alcohol."

These gentlemen complain that the purpose of prohibition—"to make men good"—is "utterly repugnant to every element of democracy." It is further declared concerning the purpose to make men good by law:

This is precisely what no government can do and which no democratic government can undertake to do without violating the principles that are absolutely fundamental.

THE WISDOM OF GLADSTONE

Over against this baseless governmental fallacy I offer the declaration of William E. Gladstone—that towering genius and Christian statesman, of whom Henry Grady said, "He seems to have caught the inspiration of the Infinite and towers, half human and half divine, from his earthly eminence, while the light of another world seems beating in his grand old face." This great builder of Christian civilization said:

It is the duty of government to make it as hard as possible for the citizen to do wrong, and as easy as possible for him to do right.

That is wisdom—fundamental governmental wisdom, in radiant consonance with wisdom divine. The friends of the licensed saloon have always contended that "you can not legislate morality into people." I answer that since no nation can live long without morality, it is therefore the function of government, in the sane and stalwart processes of its own preservation, to protect the agencies and institutions that make for morality. It is not the function of government to patronize the church and subsidize the home, but it is the solemn, saving duty of the government to stand by the door of the home, the church, and the school and fight off the wolves of temptation and damnation that are trying to strike down the sober youth of the nation, without which no government can endure.

Talk about its not being democratic or ethical or governmental to try to interfere by law with the appetites and inclinations of the individual! That position is so palpable, so glaring, that a 10-year-old schoolboy would marvel at its folly. "Thou shalt not!" "Thou shalt not," or "thou shalt!"—unwelcome limitations on the liberties of the individual for the common good, have come sounding down through the ages from the throne of God and the courts of man. On the parchments of the early Orientals, on the tables of stone from the hand of God, in the musty records of modern governments that have struggled upward toward the light—yea,

on the "burnished ceiling of the sky of God"—we read the daily reflection of this eternal truth.

LIQUOR MAKES A MAN THINK WRONG

There is something about liquor that makes a man think wrong; whether he drinks it or whether he thinks it, he finds himself demanding for liquor a "liberty" which he claims for no other outlawed evil. Carrying one's own pistol in this "land of the free and home of the brave" might be called "an inalienable right," but organized society strikes that liberty down for the common good; selling and eating opium might be called "an inalienable right" as a surcease of worry amid fantastic visions and dreams, but the Government claims and exercises the right to stop the devilish traffic for the common good. Even hoary China, steeped and groping in ages of paganism, said "Thou shalt not" to Chinese "personal liberty"; and God knows America ought to do as much. These "wet" champions have never denied the right of the Federal Government to lay its strong hand on every drug store and every doctor in America for the purpose of curbing this insidious, national evil.

Seven thousand men in the State of New York decided last year to join a "personal-liberty" gang with several hundred down in Georgia and appropriate another man's automobile without paying for it because the car "looked good" in this land of individual liberty, but no eloquent tribune of New

York or Massachusetts will hardly announce for Congress or governor or President on the platform that every well-dressed devil whose habits and inclinations cause him to want a car should be allowed to take one and use it for himself without being branded a criminal. The auto thieves of New York and Georgia have not wrought one-thousandth part of the havoc and horror to human happiness that has been wrought by the makers and sellers of the liquor for whose legal protection Mr. Cockran, Mr. Hill, Mr. Gallivan, and Mr. Tinkham so eloquently plead.

God of our fathers, citizens of America, save our youth and our national ideals from such insidious baleful sophistry!

THE HIGHER UPS AND THE LOWER DOWNS

It is a "wet" argument that "the best elements of our society" do not like this prohibition law, and, naturally, they think they ought to be allowed to break it without being rated and indicted as criminals. It is to smile! "Best element," indeed! That means, of course, that whatever the denizens of the Bowery may do—however much they are provided by law with saloons in which to lounge and drink and rob their families of the fellowship of their society and the fruitage of their labor, bringing upon themselves the tragic indictment of being ragged "ne'er-do-wells," the people who live up on Riverside Drive and Fifth Avenue and

"laugh and dance and wanton" and drink hard liquor and sparkling champagne beneath silken curtains and glittering chandeliers—these, these, these should be allowed to plunge into all sorts of bacchanalian excesses and still be called the "best element of our society." I am reminded of that declaration of Clinton Howard, the "little giant" of Rochester, when he recently said: "I am not so much afraid of the alien in the alley as I am of the anarchist on the avenue." And Will Hays, that astute arbiter of the motion picture corporations, in expressing his approval of my demand that the "higher ups" shall practice what they enforce on the "lower downs," said:

Upshaw, you are on the right line. When I read your speech I was reminded of that startling cartoon of Darling in which he pictured a big limousine filled with silk-hat grandees driving ruthlessly through a barbed-wire fence, labeled "The prohibition law," and right behind this shining limousine came a little old ramshackled roadster filled with long-bearded, wild-eyed bolshevists, anarchists, and cut-throats saying: "We have a right to go where that big car goes!" Who shall deny their contention?

Gentlemen of the Congress, this cartoon of Darling's—this interpretation of Mr. Hays—is as fundamental to government as the preamble of the Declaration of Independence.

If our "best society" means drinking and carousing in defiance of law, then God save our youth

from such gilded devilment, and give us the plain, humble American "log cabin" where sober contentment reigns. The truth is, we need a new national conscience on this question. No enemy auto would be allowed to enter any community and scatter seditious propaganda without being hunted down, and no German ship could have landed on any night in any harbor on our shores. Liquor cars are enemy cars and liquor ships are enemy ships. They bring poison to our laws and our homes. America's conscience must strike them down!

THE SUPREMEST ISSUE IN THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN

There is beginning even now to be "a stirring in the tops of the mulberry trees" concerning the outstanding men and measures in the next presidential campaign. "Ifs" and "and," preachments and prognostications are already lighting up the newspapers and magazines and littering up the wastebaskets. Cautious prophets abound, while incipient booms and boomlets, no bigger than a man's hand, flash, flicker, and fade upon the radiant alchemy of the presidential sky.

Who will be the man in each party, and what will be the main plank in his platform? "Listen, my children, and you shall hear." I tell you here and now what his name and his platform will not be: It will not be any name or any plank that trifles with the supremest question now before the Nation. I

go William J. Bryan "one better" on his recent prophecy concerning the main planks in the Democratic platform. That miracle of genius, eloquence, and sustained power, who has been before the American people 30 years without a fleck upon his name, and who holds the faith of the masses in the hollow of his hand as never before, said that "Upshaw did not go far enough in his demand for sober officials." I answer that I am ready to go as far as any sane man can go in order to help usher in an era of sober leadership, social and political, for the sake of the sanctity of law and the sobriety of the masses. I believe with him in doing everything possible for the farmer.

I am the son of a farmer, and my record in Congress will show my legislative sympathy with the man who clothes and feeds the world; I believe, with him, in every phase and form of legislative fairness to the man in overalls—I have worn overalls, and the man in overalls has always been my hero. Counseling conservatism, my votes will show that I have given the man in overalls the benefit of the doubt when striving to know and do my duty before the balancing scales of "even handed justice"; I believe, with Mr. Bryan, in curbing and punishing the conscienceless profiteer, for even my humble home has felt his teeth and his claws; but all economic laws will fail and fall if they are not planted in the secure guardianship of sober, intelligent humanity. Therefore I here and now announce that

the supreme issue in the presidential campaign and the supreme plank of my own party platform will be the *integrity of the Constitution, the majesty of duly constituted law, and personal and national sobriety*. And when that platform is given to the world, mark my words, the Democratic Party will not dare to nominate a candidate who is not in 100 per cent sympathy with that platform. In other words, the Democratic Party will not nominate a man who meddles with a bottle, a man who personally violates the spirit of the eighteenth amendment; and may the Lord have mercy on the timorous souls of you Republicans if you dare to do less. The best people of America are weary, indignantly weary, not only with lawbreakers among the masses but above all, with law-breakers among the law-makers. The awakened, regnant conscience of America—the upright, downright, outright conscience and character of this country will not stand any more for a kid-gloved camouflage on this question. If the Great War meant one thing more than any other thing, it meant the shattering of shams. The people demand the genuine in character, the genuine in religion, the genuine in politics, the genuine in everything. And they have made up their minds that any man who will flout a duly constituted law because his liquorized taste demands it is an unsafe leader for our plastic youth and for every citizen beneath the flag.

"THE CAMELS AND THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST"

To the blind and foolish folk who, ostrichlike, hide their heads in the sand and flippantly declare that the sentiment of this country is changing toward a material modification of the prohibition law I commend that breezy, convincing survey of nation-wide sentiment on the prohibition question from the pen of Jack O'Donnell in Collier's of February 10th. Beginning his story, "The camels and the wise men of the East," he says:

I am a wet. I have always been and always shall be. All my best friends are wet. I have always been thrown into or sought that company of drinking men. They are the kind of men I like—my kind. I am against prohibition from the first word of the title on the eighteenth amendment to the final word in section 20 of title 3 in the enforcement act. But, I am a reporter. When Collier's sent me out into the various States to find out "if the sentiment of the people is changing in favor of modification or repeal of the Volstead Act I put my personal opinions in my pocket, so to speak, and sought the facts."

After traveling with impartial observation through the admittedly "wet" East and all over the central Middle West and far Western States, this dyed-in-the-wool wet reporter declares "it almost breaks my wet heart" as he finds the facts which make him loth to admit even to himself that there is an abundance of evidence that "a great dry wave

is rolling eastward, slowly but surely grinding down opposition to prohibition." Then "wet" but honest Jack O'Donnell scratches his head, wipes the cold sweat from his brow, and flings to his disconcerted comrades in the reeking realm of "wetdom" this fatal review and ominous warning:

Some day we "wets" are going to awaken to find that an overwhelming majority of the people of the United States are weary of bootleggers and dry-law violators. Some day, and that day is not far distant, these people are going to rid the country of the bootlegger and the rum-runner, just as the Vigilantes of the fifties rid the California mining camps of undesirable gamblers, gunmen, and prostitutes.

On which side will the defiant "wet" champions stand?

NULLIFICATION AND SECESSION

The whole spirit of the recent "wet" speeches in this House have been a challenge to the Constitution and the law. Many of us have heard them say on this floor: "This law can not and ought not to be enforced." The Chicago Tribune and other "wet" papers in the great cities of the North have taken the same position. Gentlemen of the House, that is nullification—nullification from a strange geographical center—and nullification and secession are inseparable twins. I remind you of that immortal declaration of Daniel Webster in his reply to Calhoun:

To begin with nullification and not to proceed to secession, dismemberment, and general revolution, is as if one were to take the plunge of Niagara and cry out that he would stop halfway down. In the one case, as in the other, the rash adventurer must go to the bottom of the dark abyss below, were it not that that abyss has no discovered bottom.

It has come to this, that a son of the South, the son of a Confederate soldier in our reunited country, must teach to liquor advocates of the North the majesty of the law, the supremacy of the flag, and the integrity of the Federal Constitution.

And I remind these festive and illogical champions of liquor that, great as was New England in Revolutionary glory, and rich and "wet" and defiant as New York and New England are to-day, they constitute a very small part of the whole United States; and to those who wish to "secede from the Union" in order to get all the liquor they want, we who believe in sober, constitutional government answer them as we point to the American flag: "Nothing doing! That emblem waves higher than the insignia of any State! We write again in burning letters that withering declaration of that heroic old war horse and pathfinder of reforms, Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts: 'You would not ratify and you shall not nullify.'"

Come on, ye boasted champions of democracy, and salute anew the flag that protects your homes!

AN UNFAIR, UNFORTUNATE COMPARISON

It is very regrettable that in a strained and abnormal effort to show the danger of regulatory legislation there was recently spoken on the floor of this Congress a scathing indictment of a majority of the best people in America who believe in the prohibition of the liquor traffic, by a far-fetched comparison of prohibition ideals with certain barbarous cruelties in Louisiana with which certain hysterical papers have tried to connect the Ku-Klux Klan. Edmund Burke declared: "You can not indict a whole people."

And it is utterly unfair, un-American, and un-Christian to lay such a groundless charge at the door of the millions of patriotic, God-fearing men and women who believe in prohibiting by law the iniquitous liquor traffic, or to likewise indict, because of one isolated tragedy—whose source has not yet been proven—a great nation-wide patriotic organization whose members have just as much right to their fraternity and secrecy as the Knights of Columbus, the Masons, the Red Men, and countless other lodges, especially when the ritual and the oath of these klansmen, as registered in the Library of Congress, reveals a new dedication of loyalty to the Bible as the Word of God, to the Constitution of the United States and the supremacy of the American flag over every foreign power or potentate, political or ecclesiastical.

It is nobody's business to what organization a citizen belongs, just so he is true to God and obedient to the laws of his country. And it is because the appetite for liquor and the advocacy of liquor poison the spirit of genuine, constitutional Americanism that I here and now dedicate my all, of mind and heart and strength, to a truceless warfare against it, in the name of the God of battles, for a sober America and a sober humanity all over the world! [Applause.]

XIX

CHRIST OUR ONLY HOPE

Thursday, June 12, 1919

At Grace Baptist Church, Washington, D. C.

(Stenographically Reported)

LET me say a word concerning this hymn, "My hope is built on nothing less," which we have just sung.

Years ago I was conducting a meeting in Dahlonga away up in the Georgia mountains. Colonel Price, the "grand old man" of the mountains who represented his District two terms in Congress, and who valiantly fought for many years against the stills in the mountains—came to me and said, "I am glad you sang my song to-day—'The Solid Rock.' It gives a comfortable feeling for an old man, to be able to rest on the Rock of Ages as he totters toward the grave!"

Before I read the passage about which I want to talk may I remind you to be evangelists concerning the last two week-nights—to-morrow and Saturday night? Remember we are not going to turn

Saturday night over to the devil; and remember another thing—you may think that because the meeting is for young people you have no part in it. I think you who were here last Saturday night, will agree with me that the grown people had as much part in that service as the boys and the girls.

And get the people ready for Sunday. I hope and pray that God will give us a great and glorious closing day—three services besides the Sunday School hour. In the morning, I expect to speak on “The Personal Evidence of Christianity”; in the afternoon, at 3 o’clock, on “The Home—the Foundation of our Christian Civilization” and at night after the baptismal service, I expect to speak on that striking text: “If Ye then be risen with Christ seek those things which are above. Set your affections on things above and not on things on the earth.”

Now I will read a passage of Scripture you find in II Corinthians 4:1-6.

I told you last night that Mrs. Upshaw had been here long enough to become a Washingtonian, and had gone to a banquet, but lest you might think she is not interested in the things her husband loves, let me add that it was a Baptist banquet of young people at Calvary Church. To-day, she has been watching Congress and the Senate, and wished to be excused from being here to-night. Of course, I believe in keeping peace in the family. But tomorrow night, she will sing just before I speak.

My text is the third verse of the passage I have

just read: "If our gospel be hid it is hid to them that are lost."

This verse carries within its compass an implication and a declaration. The implication is, "If our gospel be hid," carrying with it the awful thought that there are those in this world who see no beauty in the glory of the Gospel of Christ. "It is hid to them that are lost." The declaration is that those who see no beauty nor glory in the Gospel of Christ are those who are lost.

There are only two classes of people in this house to-night—in Washington—in America—in the world. "There is a line by us unseen that crosses every path;" that same line, itself, unseen, runs between the people in every audience, between those who are saved by personal acceptance of Jesus Christ, and those who are lost, because they personally reject Him.

Let me drive home, if I can, the central thought of the message of last night again in order to help you to be mentally and spiritually ready for this. Remember that Christianity is a dogmatic religion; that Christianity makes no apology for its lack of liberalism. Liberalism is the most illiberal thing in the world. Liberalism—religious liberalism—is so "illiberal" that it becomes absolutely narrow, in that it demands that every man and woman must be as liberal as it is itself, and would deny to men and women the sacredness of a divine, definite faith. You hear a man say sometimes that he wishes to be

very "liberal." And you are apt to regard him as a great, splendid fellow—one that is "broader than his creed." How can a man be broader than his creed? A creed is what a man believes. And the men who have believed something, and have preached something definite, have been the only men who have ever stirred the heart of humanity and helped lift sinful men out of the ditch up to God. It is a question of two flags. It is a question of two ideals. It is a question of two definite identities.

Suppose you were in the middle of the Chinese empire? Suppose you had been there for a year, never seeing a single Caucasian face during that time, never hearing an English-speaking voice? Can you imagine the utter loneliness of it all? And if, after that experience of a year, suppose you were to suddenly come upon a little scrap of paper in the road, ground down by the heel of a traveler, but on which your quick eye had caught the words: "The United States of America"—What would you do? If you are akin to the man who is speaking to you (and I think you are), you would snatch up that piece of paper almost beyond the power of being deciphered and press it to your lips. Why? Because you own an identity with that name. The United States of America is your country. But suppose, moreover, that lifting your eyes from that experience, you should see waving in the breeze the Stars and Stripes, the flag of the United States of America? If you are the man I think you are, I

can see you lifting your hand and shouting, "Hurrah for my flag!" I can imagine your feeling somehow like John C. Breckinridge, great, brave soldier-statesman of the South, who when the cause he loved had been lost in the eyes of the world, and he had purposely exiled himself for months in Europe, and returning home suddenly spied in the distance a vessel bearing the flag of America, the flag he had one time opposed, the flag now of the "land of the free and the home of the brave." John C. Breckinridge, pausing a moment as he paced the deck of the ship he was on, swept his hand with affection toward the flag and said: "Boys, that flag is the most beautiful flag in all the world."

Why does an American heart feel that way? I will tell you. It is just because he owns an identity with his flag. That flag is *your* flag and *my* flag. But suppose, as you came nearer to the flag being borne aloft, you should see that the man bearing it in his uplifted hand was a man of your own race—his Caucasian face, his familiar features like your own? I can see you rushing toward that man, clasping his hand in both of yours, and shouting with delight, for his face is the first of your kind that you have seen in that long year: in identity he is of your flesh and blood. He speaks, and you hear the voice that you love so well, the music of the English—the American-voice. And your joy is so great that you impulsively throw your arms around him. It is the first time you have heard an

English-speaking voice amid all this jargon of the lonely Orient for twelve whole months. You own a joyous identity with that voice.

WASHINGTON AND THE FLAG

But suppose that in the next moment's conversation you were to hear that man utter the name of "Washington," saying, "I am a citizen of Washington." I can see you grasp his hand and say, "Washington! *Washington!* the Capital of my country! Why, that is my town—*my* town!" It is a case of identity with the town in which you live. But suppose, furthermore, that in the next moment of conversation you were to suddenly see that, underneath the beard upon his face—the beard had grown out in the long months of separation—you were to recognize the face of your long-lost brother? What then? Throw your arms about his neck and burst into tears, saying, "My brother who was lost is now found!" You own an identity with that brother. He is bone of your bone, and flesh of your flesh—your mother and your father are the same!

THE CLOSEST IDENTITY ON EARTH

But suppose, O man of God, that in the next conversation that beloved brother were to reveal the fact that since you last saw him—a sinner lost—he has become a sinner found in Christ Jesus; he is not only your brother in the flesh but he has be-

come your brother in the miracle of regeneration through Jesus Christ? Oh, I can see you wind your arms about him afresh and press him with a new tenderness to your bosom, crying out: "Brother of my heart of hearts, nearer than flesh and blood, you are my brother in the blood of my Redeemer." It is a case of the closest, tenderest identity in all the world!

Hear it, men and women! "If our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost." If the banner of Jesus Christ does not thrill you, if it does not quicken your sense of joy and love, it means that there is no identity between you and the Banner of that Cross. It means that, though you sit in the same seat, though your nominal worship be with husband or wife, neighbor or friend, father, mother, —though you meet on the common ground of political, social and ethical ideals, and measure up to the highest educational test, yet you may be a million miles apart concerning salvation if you have no identity one with another in Jesus Christ, the Lord.

"If our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost." And if your own heart does not leap at the mention of the name of Jesus Christ as your Redeemer, this text says that you are lost NOW.

First let us look at the evidence that men and women are lost out of Christ. Second; why are men and women lost out of Christ? Third; what it means to be lost out of Christ, and last of all; how may the lost be found?

First: men and women are lost out of Christ. If the world, the unregenerate world, could only wake up to the evidence found in the Word of God, that experience would prove strong enough to shake it loose from its lethargy, from the somnambulism of a walking death. You sometimes hear parents say in their petulance: "Don't do that—if you do, the bad man will get you. Don't do that—if you are a bad boy or girl, you will be lost when you die." Listen, men and women, the lesson that we must teach our children, the fundamental lesson, is this—that they are already lost. You hear somebody say, again: "Don't swear, don't drink, don't steal, don't be obscene, don't be unclean—if you do, you will be lost." Why do men and women do these things that are sinful and wrong in the sight of God? They are not lost because they do these things, *they do these things because they are lost*. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, but he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." Not lost after a while, but lost *now*.

It is related that the great soul, D. L. Moody, had with him at his home one night—this is one of the many stories of a wonderful, beautiful, consecrated servant of God—a young man who had dropped in for the night. When the retiring hour came Mr. Moody said: "Which room will you sleep in to-night, my friend?" The young man said, "I am your guest; I will be glad to sleep where you will."

"No, no," said the great evangelist. "You must choose your room under my roof. Come with me and you will understand." And taking the lamp in the old-time way, Moody led him down the hall.

"Look," he said, "there are the doors to the two rooms; in which room will you sleep?" And the startled eyes of the young man read over one door, the word "JUSTIFIED"; over the other, the word "CONDEMNED." Mr. Moody said: "Have you been justified in the blood of Jesus Christ, with a new heart and a new life in Him, or, are you condemned by God's pure and holy law?" The young man dropped his head, caught his breath, and trembling from head to foot he suddenly looked up through his tears and said: "Mr. Moody, I must sleep to-night in the room marked 'Condemned,' for I have never been justified through the blood of Christ."

When the bolt of the door clicked as Moody left the room, it seemed to that young man like the click of doom, and he could see written all over the ceiling the very words that were written on the Babylonian wall, "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin,"—Lost, lost, lost! Written on the ceiling above and on the wall before him, he seemed to see, "Condemned! Condemned! Condemned!" No wonder he could not sleep. Soon he was out of bed and upon his knees, praying, "O God, be merciful to me, a sinner," and arose in newness of life and

moved with the glad step of a victor out of the room marked "Condemned" into the room marked "Justified,"—the word written by the pierced hand of Jesus Christ in His own blood.

Oh, men and women, hear me this night! You say, "He is getting so desperately serious." God knows I am in earnest to help you. You need a living vision of your condition, and I come, to-night, to challenge your consciousness. Hear these words! Every man and woman, and boy and girl in this place, hear me! You will sleep in one of those two rooms, to-night. You will sleep in the room marked "Justified" if you have surrendered your heart to Christ and accepted Him as your own; or, no matter what may be your education, social position, political standing—you will sleep to-night in the room marked "Condemned" if you are a personal stranger to Jesus Christ. In which room will you sleep to-night?

WHY MEN AND WOMEN ARE LOST

But why are men lost out of Christ? Why is it? Oh, why is it that men should not believe? We hear somebody, coming in the spirit of modern altruism and saying, "It is unthinkable and unjust, and ungodlike, that a man should be condemned, forever, and driven away from the presence of God, simply because he does not believe in Jesus Christ." I want to ask you if you think it is a little thing to believe? It is another case of two identities. Let

us see if I can help you. O sinner, I want this to grip your thought, to carry it to your heart!

You believe in George the King of England. How many of you have seen George, the King of England? One man! Isn't that rather wonderful? I have asked that question perhaps fifty times, and here to-night the second man I have ever seen in America who lifted his hand, saying, "I have seen King George." But, you do not have to take the word of a stranger in this matter. I want to ask you this—does that believing in George to be the King of England make him *your* King? You believe from evidence indisputable, incontrovertible, that George reigns on the throne of his father, who reigned on the throne of his mother Victoria, but a man would be nothing less than a fool to say, "I will not accept another's opinion concerning George, the King of England."

But, does your belief in George as the King of England make him your king? You believe in him as a king, but, hear it, men and women, George will not become your king until you renounce the Stars and Stripes, until you swear allegiance to him, trusting your body to his protection, and giving him all that your life can give. And what does that mean? It means that you have signed a paper, written your name down, with King George's name at the top of it, and your name at the bottom. That is identity—that is citizenship.

But, wait a minute. It means something else—

it means that because you believe in George as your king, he may call on you for the taxes for the support of his kingdom. It means more than that—George may call on you to go to the front to bear arms—to South Africa, to India, to Germany, to protect him against a foreign foe. And yet you only signed your name to a piece of paper. Is that a little thing? Is that all it means? No, it means more than that. It means that the armies and the navies of George, of the entire English empire, are at your back. It means that if a man, anywhere on earth, dares to touch a hair of your head, the British lion will roar and the British war dogs will be turned loose; that all of the protecting power of the army and navy of England will be thrown about you, and yet you have only said, "I believe in George as my King."

Listen! You say you believe in Jesus Christ as your Saviour—no, as *a* Saviour. You believe in Christ as *a* Saviour. Historically you have believed in Him all your life. That is a mental attitude—a mental concept. You believe in Jesus, as you do in George. There are mental processes and mental concepts, developed by years of training and education and ideals that result in this belief. But *listen!* Jesus Christ will not become your own personal Saviour until you renounce the flag of self and Satan, until you cross the ocean between you and Him, and by making a declaration of the trust of your soul, of the loyalty of your life.

What does that mean? It means that Jesus Christ may call on you for the taxes of His Kingdom. It means more than that; it means that Jesus Christ may call on you to go yonder to heathen peoples and die as Livingston died; to go to the darkened peoples of darkest Africa with a smile on your face, though the lions are roaring around you. It means that Jesus may call on you to go yonder to the tropics and plant your life as Judson planted his, amid the physical and idolatrous miasma where, within the compass of only one brief life, he was able alone to transform thousands of other lives by the touch of the Gospel, by the aid of the Bible he had translated, and with the truth that he lived with his own, wonderful life. It means that Jesus Christ may call on you to go anywhere, and give your all unto Him.

Does it mean only that? Ah, it means more than that, thank God—it means that if the enemy of your soul dare to threaten you with a temptation greater than you can bear, that the armies and navies of Heaven are at your back. It means that Jesus Christ, the Captain of your salvation, in whose pierced Hand you put your own, saying, “in Thy name I trust—trust my all to Thee”—it means, I say, that the Captain of your Salvation will come and stand by your side with His blazing eyes of triumph and glory and infinite loyalty because you trusted Him, and say, “Back, back, ye hounds of hell, you shall not touch mine anointed!”

“The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to its foes.
That soul, though all Hell should endeavor to shake,
I’ll never, no never, no never forsake!”

Think you it was but a little thing? Was it a little thing to “only believe”?

THE FLAG ON MORO CASTLE

A fine friend of mine, Rev. A. B. Carlisle, told me that he was in Havana when the Spanish flag came down. He said it was the most thrilling, the most deliriously thrilling moment he ever saw, or perhaps that anybody else ever saw. He said that the Plaza in Havana was seething with expectant humanity. Eyes were looking, from every point, towards Moro Castle—Moro Castle that has been the insignia of Spanish power and oppression for four hundred years, where the flag of Spain was waving lazily in the tropic breeze—a hated flag. It is now eleven o’clock and excited men and women are looking at their watches and moving to and fro. It is now eleven-thirty, and excitement increases, it is now fifteen—it is now ten minutes of twelve—it is now eight—six, four, three, two—one minute of twelve! Some men and women are looking with mingled tears and terror flashing in their eyes. Moro has found its master at last. Look! look! the flag of Spain is coming down, down, down, and the wild cheers of excited men and women are

rending the air; now a wilder shout is heard as the beautiful flag of the Stars and Stripes is sent rippling upward in the breeze, and yonder it waves in all its wonderful beauty and glory, the flag that has spoken freedom to them!

Listen! Was it only a question of identity between two flags? What did it mean? Let me tell you this: When the flag of Spain came down it meant that no more might the dungeons of Moro Castle rule in their sinister cruelty, practicing barbarisms that beggar all description, through the weary, dreary centuries. No more in the deepest, darkest dungeon must there be a single knife blade, a single word, a single gun that could be lifted against the flag that had won for freedom. It meant absolute, unconditional capitulation. It meant that Moro Castle said to the Stars and Stripes, "*I surrender all!*" And yet, it was only the identity of two flags.

Sinner, the flag of self and sin waves over the Moro Castle of your heart. Oh, come! come now and say, "Lord Jesus, I am tired of my sin, I believe in You as my personal Saviour." And as the flag of self and sin comes down, you say in your heart of hearts, "I swear allegiance unto Jesus Christ, my Lord," and the Banner of the Cross waves in triumph above the citadel of your heart! It will mean that no more in the deepest recesses of your heart shall any kind of weapon be raised against the Pierced Hand of Jesus Christ, your

newly enthroned Saviour and friend and Lord.

Is it a little thing to believe? Men are lost because they have refused to believe on Him; for "he that believeth on the Son is not condemned, but he that believeth not is condemned already because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God."

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE LOST

Take this other word that God commands me to speak—though I take no human pleasure in saying it. What does it mean to be lost? This above all else; it means to be shut out forever from the presence of God; it means to be cast into hell with the nations that forget God, "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." "These shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous unto life eternal."

"Do you mean to teach the old-time doctrine of orthodox theology—the doctrine of hell?" you ask me. Let me ask *you* this? Won't you be honest tonight? Every one of you that believes that a person who yields his heart to Jesus Christ, lives for His glory and dies in the triumph of Christian faith goes to heaven when he dies, hold up your hand. [Nearly all hands went up.] Keep them up until I say this: If those who accept Christ and die in the triumph of joyous faith go to heaven, then where do the wicked and unbelieving go? They are apart in this world, in their fellowship, in their

ideals, in their identities—in their loyalties. Shall they not be separated yonder?

You who say that you do not believe in the doctrine of hell, answer me this: Near the little town of Palmetto, Georgia, a colored man named Sam Howe had been trusted almost as one of the family. They were at supper, and the negro slipped up behind the young husband and split his head open with an ax. And for two horrible hours he held that helpless little woman in his hellish arms. What have you to say about that? You who think there ought not to be two places for the good and bad. Do you say, "But he was a black wretch!" No hell for the white man? With these very eyes I saw the tree where a white man was hanged by a mob. I am opposed, bitterly opposed, to lynching; the lyncher's hands are dipped in human blood; he is a murderer, and I have long fought lynching with tongue and pen. It is not a question of sections—it is a question of temptation and provocation. But this white brute had been hanged by a mob for killing a white family and burning down the house on them. Where do you think he went?

Listen, you who say there is no such place as hell. Down yonder in a Southern town there is a weeping willow over the grave of one of the sweetest girls in all the world. It is the grave of an unmarried mother, and her fatherless child. Reaching his hand in gallant fashion to this beautiful girl of poor parentage, the handsome son of wealth paid court

to her. Flattered by his attentions she at last, in her blind infatuation, yielded to him not only her heart and hand, but her body—(oh, my God!) then he deserted the mother of his child. I want to tell you, if there is not a hell for a man like that, there ought to be. I would be ashamed of myself if I were a young man, looking at the haunts of sin with all of its horror, with all of its hell, with all of its unspeakable crime, and then looking on the life that is beautiful, with the imparted and reflected life of Jesus Christ, to say there is no difference between virtue and sin and no such place as hell. If there is no such place as hell, then there is no such place as heaven. Johnson, quit your preaching. Deacons, quit your support of a man who is preaching a myth. Go yonder to the cemetery and kick down every tombstone that records the dying words of faith, or that memorializes those who died in the faith of Jesus Christ. They teach the world a myth. Then John 3:16, "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life," is not true. Nothing is true if the Word of God is not true. Remember that the same Bible that teaches that there is a beautiful heaven for the righteous also teaches that there is a horrible hell for the wicked. I will tell you. There is just one class of people who are objecting to the doctrine of hell and that is the people who are going there. I used to be afraid in my bovish sinfulness—I was

afraid of the very thought of hell. I could not help it. I could see myself driven from the gates of heaven, flaming seraphim there at each gate, and I, seeking to enter but driven away, and my soul went down, down, down in the starless night of death and hell.

And where is that fear of hell now? I will tell you where—

“There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel’s veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.”

I will tell you where it has gone. It is buried in “the fountain filled with blood.”

Take my last thought: How may the lost be found? The strangest thing in all time, and it seems to me in all eternity, is the fact that any man or woman conscious of sin, conscious of its terrible penalty, seeing the beauty of righteousness and the triumph of Christian faith, acknowledging that sin is hell on earth and that hell is waiting yonder for the impenitent, will for one moment postpone the matter of being found and saved through Jesus Christ.

There is a great swamp on the river not far away. They say that it is so full of poison that to spend one night there means death, that reptiles writhe through its tangled wastes, and that many a man has been lost in its marshy depths. I can see how,

when the report comes that some fine young man has been lost in this swamp, the community is excited and a leader is chosen for the rescue party. They advance from every side. In eager silence the rescuers watch for every possible trail.

By and by you hear somebody cry out: "I see his tracks, he must be here." "Where?" "Here!" But he does not answer. On and on they go. "Yonder," I hear somebody say, "Yonder, I see him now," and the call rings out! "We have come for you!" But he does not answer. Nearer and nearer they come. They throw the lanterns in his face. They throw out the life line and say, "Take hold, and we will draw you out." But he will not even look at those who have risked so much to save him. They offer their hands and say, "Why don't you look; we have come to save you." But he turns his face from them and will not reach out his hand. Would you not say that such a man was strangely crazed?

Sinner, two weeks ago this faithful minister of yours organized a rescuing party for you. It was right and beautiful for this man who, for more than a dozen years has tried to preach to you, to do this. Christian men and women have joined the rescuing party. They have offered their hands and hearts, and have prayed for you; the rescuing party has gone out searching for you but you would not come. A little child of twelve has come, and others older have come, but you turned your face from the lan-

tern light and went away saying, "I will not." Can you blame anybody but yourself if you are lost? Now we are going away, and you must sleep in the room marked "Condemned." But, we will stay and help you if you wish; and if you will only put your hand in the blessed hand of Jesus Christ and come, a sinner saved, you can go out of this house, saying,

"Amazing grace, how sweet the sound.
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see."

In which room will you sleep to-night?

XX

TO PEOPLE WHO THINK AND THOSE WHO THINK THEY THINK

Friday Evening, June 13, 1919

(Stenographically Reported)

IN this wonderful sixth chapter of John, the Master was saying, "Except ye eat my flesh and drink my blood, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of God." This teaches the necessity for the atonement; of faith in the living Christ, the dead Christ, and the risen Christ. That is what it means.

"When Jesus knew in himself that his disciples murmured at it, he said unto them, 'Doth this offend you? What, and if ye shall see the Son of man ascend up where he was before? It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you they are spirit and they are life.' . . . Then said Jesus unto the twelve, 'Will ye also go away?' And the answer is the pathos of the ages, for the hungry-hearted world. Hear it. Then Simon Peter answered him, 'Lord,

to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life. And we believe and are sure that thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.' ”¹

Let us pray. “Our heavenly Father, we thank Thee for a religion of soul comfort. We thank Thee for a religion coming into our souls that helps us to rest in the thought that our heavenly Father knows, and though we may be misunderstood by everybody,—God knows. God understands. We sorrow this evening for those who do not know the Lord in this blessed comforting way—this blessed salvation; and we pray Thee, our Father, that somebody here to-night who does not know this comfort may come and rest their tired souls in the only refuge for sinful man or woman, in time or eternity. Help them to realize that there is nowhere else to go for salvation and comfort; nowhere else to find refuge from the power and penalty of sin in this world; nowhere to find comfort in the hour of death and the world to come, except in the Lord Jesus Christ. We pray Thee that this hour may be so brooded over by Thy Spirit that somebody coming in here, not knowing this refuge, shall go out saying, ‘I anchor my soul in the haven of rest—I will sail the wide seas no more.’ We ask it for Christ’s sake. Amen.”

Every person who has a mind to think and a

¹ Mrs. Upshaw sang: “I know my Heavenly Father knows.”

heart to feel has a religion of some kind. There is in every soul, however undefined it may be, a consciousness—an acknowledgment concerning that soul's responsibility to a Power infinitely above and beyond self.

The wisest philosopher who sits on reason's throne, the most benighted Hottentot that roams in Africa's darkened earth, builds on his belief; the veriest infidel who ever spat his blasphemy on the white garments of Christianity, thinks he is an unbeliever, but his unbelief becomes his belief, and his belief is his religion. And so, from the most benighted heathen to the proudest philosopher who ever swayed an intellectual scepter, every man has a religion of some kind. We who are Christians believe in our hearts, yes, we know from our own experience, that Christ, in the miracle of Regeneration, is the desire of all nations: and we come to the world dissatisfied, unsatisfied, hungering and thirsting saying, "Where shall rest be found, rest for the weary soul,"—we come and say, anchor your soul in the haven of rest that we have found in Him—a newness of heart and life. We have found not only a newness of heart and life, but we have found satisfaction of mind and soul concerning God.

Listen, now, with your hearts. I come to you, tonight, in the last message of this type during these meetings, for to-morrow night it is to be a different message, to the young life, and I ask you to remem-

ber some of the questions that challenged us, if you will, in the services that have gone before.

Last Sunday night I brought you a message on the unwelcome subject of death. There were many who stood up, and said that they were not afraid of death if it should come before morning, that they had a hope in Christ that would make them unafraid to meet death. And there were many that could *not* stand, and say that thing. Why?

The other night I brought you another unwelcome message on sin—"My sin." "My sin offends God; my sin blights my own soul; my sin hurts somebody else: my sin nailed Jesus Christ to the Cross."

And then, last night, I brought you that other more unwelcome message on man lost with the Gospel—why man is lost without Gospel; what it means to be lost without the Gospel. I tried to put into italics the fact that the same Bible that teaches that there is a beautiful heaven for the righteous, also teaches there is a horrible hell for the wicked, and that the word Saviour applied to our Redeemer means nothing unless He is a Saviour *from* something, as well as a Saviour *to* something.

I bring you, to-night, this desperate appeal and say, "Oh, you, who have not found rest, who have not found peace with God, I come to you and ask you in the words of the text, *Where will you go to find satisfaction of mind and soul concerning God?* Where will you go if you do not bring your soul and anchor it in the restful arms, the saving right-

eousness of Jesus Christ, the only hope of a sinful world? Let us think about these things:

Where will you go? Will you go to Mohammedanism to find a satisfaction of mind and soul concerning God? You shudder at the thought and you say, "I thought you were talking to people who think. You know we would not go to Mohammedanism." Let us see. There are millions who bow to the Crescent instead of the Cross, and they are just as intellectual so far as gray matter is concerned, perhaps, as you or I. If you are thinking of going to Mohammedanism to satisfy your longing for God, I offer you the barbarism of the unspeakable Turk and the sensualism of the heaven of the Turk, as pictured in the Koran. Where will you go?

Will you go to Confucianism? I offer you for answer the superstition and the darkness of impenetrable China. Will you go to Parseeism or Hinduism? I offer you, for answer, the cruel castes and spiritual desolation of India.

Where will you go? You turn, in sickness of heart, away from all of these religions where there are hundreds of millions bowing at their shrines, who intellectually are as bright as you are. I ask you, then, will you find satisfaction of mind and of soul in atheism, in unbelief? I offer you for your answer the great, wide Sahara of Doubt in whose broad expanse never a church spire points to the skies, where the music of church bells is never

heard, in whose wide domain never a hospital opens its arms to suffering humanity, and in whose vast solitude of desolation "there is nothing left to the soul but the new-made graves of faith and hope."

And you turn your eyes away and say, "Where shall rest be found? I cannot find rest in any of these things." There is only one other place you can go, O anxious soul, it is to the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. "But," you say, "there are some things about it I cannot understand. You do not expect me to accept anything I do not understand."

Are you not accepting something now you do not understand? Do you understand the binding of the three elements entering into light that drives away the darkness? Then, turn off the light and leave this beautiful city in darkness because the people do not understand the process by which the light is made. Do you understand how the three meals you have eaten to-day enter into your blood and muscle and bone and tissue? No. If you could understand that process, you would be like unto God that made it so. And yet you are not going to refuse to eat three meals, to-morrow, because you cannot understand the process by which they become a part of your body and thus sustain mind and heart and soul.

When I was preparing a book of my poems, "Smiles and Heart Throbs," for publication, written while spending those seven years on my bed, I

came suddenly and providentially across the following verses entitled, "Faith and Reason," by Lizzie York Case. Listen, you who think a woman cannot reason—and let these burning truths search your soul:

FAITH AND REASON

Two travelers started on a tour,
With trust and knowledge laden;
One was a man of mighty brain,
And one a gentle maiden.
They joined their hands and vowed to be
Companions for a season;
The gentle maiden's name was Faith,
And the mighty man's was Reason.
He sought all knowledge from the world,
And every world anear it;
All matter and all mind were his,
But hers was only spirit.
If any stars were missed from heaven,
His telescope could find them;
But while he only found the stars,
She found the God behind them!
He sought for truth above, below,
All hidden things revealing;
She only sought it woman-wise,
And found it in her feeling.
He said, "this earth's a rolling ball,
And so doth science prove it;"
He but discovered that it moves,
She found the springs that move it!
He reads with geologic eye
The record of the ages:
Unfolding strata, he translates

Earth's wonder-written pages.
He digs around a mountain base,
And measures it with plummet;
She leaps it with a single bound,
And stands upon the summit!
He brings to light the hidden force
In nature's labyrinths lurking,
And binds it to his onward car
To do his mighty working.
He sends his message 'cross the earth,
And down where sea gems glisten;
She sendeth hers to God himself,
Who bends His ear to listen!
All things in beauty, science, art,
In common they inherit:
But he has only clasped the form
While she has clasped the spirit.
God's wall infinite now looms up
Before Faith and her lover;
But while he tries to scale its heights,
She has gone safely over.
He tries, from earth, to forge a key
To open the gate of Heaven;
That key is in the maiden's heart,
And back its bolts are driven.
They part. Without her, all is dark,
His knowledge vain and hollow;
For Faith has entered in with God,
Where Reason may not follow.

But somebody says: "Do you mean to say to a thinking people that we must accept something that has no reason about it?" No, but remember what Spurgeon said: "There is nothing more rea-

sonable than to cease to reason about that which is above reason." You see a man down yonder by the shore, taking a little tin cup and trying to dip up the ocean in it, and coming back to his friends at the hotel and muttering foolishly, "I will not accept it." "Accept what?" "Why, I have always heard that there is three times as much water as land, and I have tried to bring it to you, and I cannot get it in my little tin cup." Certainly not. How foolish of a man to stand before the great boundless ocean of God's infinite truth, and because he cannot dip it all up in the little tin cup of his human understanding, to mutter to all the world, "I will not accept what I can not understand."

See a man standing, at the dawn of the sun-breaking. Through the eastern gate of glory he sees the sun come and put out the stars and drive away the darkness and flood the earth with all its splendor. The man stands there with dazzled eyes and says, "Oh, sun, don't shine on me! I can not understand the process by which you shine. I can not understand how you are so many millions of miles away from me. I cannot understand how it would be if you were to cease to shine and the world would be frozen from pole to pole or how, if you should be hurled from your fiery track, the world would be plunged into unspeakable chaos. But until I understand the process, please do not shine on me any more."

And that man would be no more foolish than the man who, standing before the rising glories of the Sun of Righteousness, says, "Don't shine into my heart because I can not understand the mystery of God. I know that you have been to many who have believed the light that drove the darkness away; that you have been to many the 'chief among ten thousand' and the altogether lovely, but don't shine on me until I get where I can understand you. I know those men and women expect to meet the source of that Light beyond the stars; they say that you shined into their hearts long ago, that you have been a lamp unto their feet and a light to their path—that you are the solid comfort on which they expect to pillow their heads as they go down into the valley of the shadow of death, but I don't want you to shine into my heart because I cannot understand you."

I thank God I worship a God I can not understand. If I could understand and fathom God, then God would be unworthy the adoration of my soul. There is enough in His book for us all to understand. God's truth comes down, as it were, like an inverted pyramid from the skies. Here, in the heart, is enough to understand. I am a sinner; Christ is my Saviour; if I accept Him I am saved; if I reject Him I am lost. I understand more and more as I try to live close to Him, and as I try to do His will the tangled skeins are straightened. More and more I find the burdens

removed, the vision broadened, the glories of Christ grow wider and higher. When He leads us yonder beyond the gates of pearl and on the streets of gold, when we look into His blessed face, He will teach us all the mysteries that we could not understand in a world that is blinded by sin.

I come to you to-night, O wandering man—thinking man or woman, and tell you this; you cannot expect satisfaction of mind and soul on mere human reason. Turn and place yourself in the arms of Jesus Christ, the Lord, and He will make the mystery clear.

WILL YOU GO TO GODLESS WORLDLINESS?

"Ah," but some man says, "that is too much religion for me. I do want to do better than I am doing. I will tell you what I am going to do; I am going to do something to just shut out this voice of conscience that is bothering me. I am going to plunge into a life of worldliness to drown out the still small voice that is disturbing my soul."

Will you go to selfish worldliness to find satisfaction of mind and soul concerning God? Did you ever see a man down on his "all-fours" eating acorns? A man with reason, with all the beauty and similitude of manhood, down on his "all-fours" eating grass and acorns, when the fruits of California are hanging luscious and golden above his head? That man is not so foolish a man in this world as the man or woman who is blind and deaf

to the Lord's great sacrifice, trying to satisfy mind and soul on the acorns of worldliness. Men and women, there is no satisfaction for the soul except in God.

I remember how, when I was on my bed, a bright girl in the South wrote for the boys' and girls' column in "The Sunny South." She had been very ambitious. She wrote poems and dreamed that her name would soon be written high in the realm of literary stars. She told how, when a girl, she wrote many stories which were returned by publishers to whom they were sent. She became very despondent, and through discouragement the brilliant yet misdirected girl became a nervous wreck. And then she saw some wonderful words flash out in the darkness, and reached out her hand and touched the pierced hand of Jesus Christ and found that "naught but God could satisfy the soul." O man, O woman, naught *can* satisfy the soul but the God who made it. The soul *must* feed on Him.

But I hear another one say, "If I simply try to be half-way respectable, if I try to be decent, and love a life of pleasure, what then?" Ah, remember, man or woman, remember when you lift to your lips the intoxicating cup of dissipation, that "while pleasure floats on the surface there is danger hiding below."

I wonder if there is a man—O God, save the mark—or woman (it is bad enough to think of a man steeped in dissipation, but the world staggers

at the thought of a dissipated woman). I wonder if there is one here who has tried to drown the voice of the Spirit of God in the whirl of godless dissipation? I shall never forget how they took me on my bed and carried me to the Noonday Association at Woodstock during the latter part of my affliction, or rather of the seven years I spent on my bed. I can never forget when grand old Dr. John G. Gibson spoke on the temperance report. I lay there before him until it seemed that the fire fell from his flaming tongue and almost set me wild. I can hear him now, saying: "One of the saddest things I have ever seen in the world is a man drinking—a man drunk; a husband who stood at the marriage altar, promising to love and protect—now he lies there with not strength enough to brush a fly from his bloated face. I have seen something sadder than that—I have seen a father drunk; a father making the footprints in which, if his children walk, they will walk to a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell. I have seen something sadder than that—I have seen a son drunk—holding the heartstrings of his mother in his hands, a son who was the mother's crowning hope, on whom she expected to lean in her declining age, staggering on his mother's bleeding heart, drunk!"

ONE MOTHER'S GUILTY SON

Ah, as he uttered these burning words there was one mother's son who heard him, whose heart al-

most burst within him with remorse and repentance. That mother's son remembered how, as a boy, he went to town one day with one older than himself, as ready to teach him wrong, as the boy was ready to learn—the foolish idea that a boy is not a man until he has been on one or two “first-class jags.” But that boy went into a saloon, though he was but sixteen (when the law said keep out until twenty-one), and took the hand that reaches to you now, placed the money on that counter and bought the liquor that made him drunk. He staggered to his father's country store and his mother came with her sweet, blue eyes filled with tears, and said, “My son, this will break your father's heart if he sees you. Let me put you to bed before he comes.” When that foolish boy came to himself at last he looked that weeping, loving mother in the face, and said: “Until I die, neither my mother nor my God shall ever see me in that condition again.”

Are you here, my boy, staggering toward death and hell, breaking your mother's heart? God help me to help *you* fall on your knees and say, “God be merciful to me a sinner”—and to find peace in my Saviour's love.

John G. Gibson said another thing. He said, “I have seen something sadder than that—I have seen a woman drunk.” Think of a woman with all her fineness of nature drinking the devilish stuff that dethrones her reason, debauches her nature and helps

to make her a beast. Some men go down, down, after they have found the Christ. O man, you who have felt the cleansing blood of Christ and yet in the moment of temptation was overcome, in a moment of weakness was staggering under the ruin of this temptation, O drinking church members, are you here? I call you, to-night, in God's name and tell you there is no satisfaction in any life that would drown the voice of God. Where will you go? What other refuge can you hope for? Come back to the place "where you first saw the light and the burden of your heart rolled away," for there is no peace outside of God for the soul.

WILL YOU GO TO MERE MORALITY?

Another man says: "I am going to reform. I am not going into worldliness or dissipation any longer. I will tell you what I mean to do; I am going to turn over a new leaf and be a better man." Let me ask you, then, will your mere morality be a satisfaction of mind and soul concerning God? What about it, men and women, if you are here—you who have said, "I am doing the best I can!" I think that at least one person out of every five of those whom I have met and asked if they are Christians have answered: "Well, I don't do anybody any harm—I do the best I can." And here in Washington, the cultured capital of the nation, where on every side you will find men and women

who are strangers to the real gospel—who have not accepted the Gospel of Jesus Christ, who have the idea that if you do the best you can, even without being born again, that you have some chance with God.

I asked a man if he were a Christian? He said: "I am trying to be." Why, my friend, you might as well try to be a horse, a steer, a street-car or anything else in the world that you cannot be. You do not have to try to be your father's son. Now, if you have been born again, you do not have to "try" to be your heavenly Father's son. But, *trying to be* will not satisfy the soul concerning God. Mere morality is not enough!

My father was a Mason. He learned all the beautiful truths that the Order teaches, and yet he trained his boys around the family altar, to remember that if being a Christian had failed to make a man do his duty to his fellowman and to God, all the secret, ironbound oaths on earth would not do it. He said one night after he had taken the third degree—you Masons know what that means—he walked home between midnight and dawn. Frankly, I have my private opinion about any kind of a lodge that will keep a man away from his wife and children until 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning. But anyway he walked home in the small hours, thinking, thinking, thinking—"What does this mean through which I have just passed to-night? What is the difference between this beautiful morality

and Christianity?" He was not then a professor of religion, though I believe he had been truly converted. Thus he reasoned: "This thing I have learned to-night teaches me a beautiful morality; it tells my hands what to do, but Christianity gives me a new heart and makes me love to do these beautiful things and that is the vital difference."

O man, if you are saying to-night that you are going to do the best you can and take your moral purposes and lay them down at the foot of the Cross, you must leave out the Cross altogether. You have forgotten the saving mission of Jesus Christ—that He died—that He rose from the dead after having died upon the Cross. If you are going to get along without Christ and His righteousness in your life, you must not sin at all. If it were possible for a man to live without sin from now until the day he died, he could not be saved.

Go to the store, up yonder, where you have an account, and tell the man you are tired of going on credit and want to pay cash for all you buy from now on. Will that satisfy? The merchant would look at you and say, "What about all this on the books?" And so, if it were possible for you to live without committing any sin from now on, every sin from the day you were born until the day you die must be covered in Jesus Christ, His perfect righteousness and His atoning blood.

Will you depend on mere morality?

FATALITY OF NOMINAL CHURCH MEMBERSHIP

Take my last thought. You come to me and say: "I know I cannot satisfy my soul nor God's law by morality and *human* reason. I know I cannot satisfy my soul concerning God with selfish worldliness or by plunging into dissipation. I know that I must remember that Jesus Christ is *somewhere*, and *somewhere* is a principle in salvation. I will tell you what I will do. I am going to join the Church. I will join the Church of Christ, and I will do better. Won't that satisfy?"

Listen! If there is anywhere down in the regions of the damned a place that must be deeper and darker and more starless than any other, it must be the place occupied by the man or woman whose name has been on the Church books, but who went to the very gates of the skies lacking personal repentance and the miracle of the new birth.

Out in Texas years ago, I met a handsome girl, the daughter of a Baptist pastor. She was beautiful, she was bright, she was patrician in her bearing, but she made you feel by her manner that you had had a telegram from the North Pole. I went there four years later, and Mary D. was the soul of sunshine; she was warmhearted and enthusiastic in Christian work. She inspired those around her. I was amazed at the wonderful change. I said to a cousin, "What has come over the spirit

of Mary D.?" She smiled, "Mary D. has been converted." "Converted?" I said. "Why Mary D. was a church member and a teacher in the Baptist Sunday School when I was here." "Yes, but there came along a great preacher, one who went down into the foundations of things, and helped Mary D. out of her spiritual night. She had gone down to the Church altar along with the others because she wanted to be good." She was obedient and decent, but she grew up with that emptiness of soul that the nominal church member knows too well. The truths of God revealed to her her conditions and she was born again. Suppose she had died before that meeting was held?

Mary D. believed in baptism. She said to the Church, "I want to be baptized as a living believer in Jesus Christ." And they baptized her. I remember that down yonder in Thomasville, Georgia, during a meeting there came a woman with two grown children, almost staggering beneath her sin, and sorrow of heart. She said she joined the Church when she was but nine years old without being genuinely converted, and she added, "I have been a church member all these years, but all along I have realized that I knew not the love of Christian fellowship. I was empty-hearted. But in this meeting, in the providence of God, I have seen myself a lost sinner, and I come now and trust in Jesus and in Him alone for my salvation." Sup-

pose she had died before that influence came! O men and women, are you standing on a foundation of the sand?

Again: during that very meeting I remember how, when I spoke on death one night I said, "Settle the matter between God and your soul before you sleep to-night. Stay and I will try to show you the way." Some thirteen or fourteen stayed. One was a woman past fifty. Before she left she said, "I accept Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour." The next morning she was talking to a neighbor. "I feel different," she said, "I feel like a new woman." Her neighbor replied: "Why, my friend, you have just been converted." And at the very last service there in those meetings her elder sister came in joyously, saying, "Religion has a new meaning to me." And yet she had been a member of an Episcopal Church practically all of her life. *Are you depending on nominal church membership?* I come to you in God's Name and say, "Come back home! Come back from empty ceremony—depend on nothing but a new heart and life in Jesus Christ, and be ready to say and sing:

"My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the strongest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' Name.
On Christ the solid Rock I stand—
All other ground is sinking sand."

A SHIPWRECKED VESSEL AND A SHIPWRECKED SOUL

Where will you go, and when will you go, if you don't go to the Christian's Christ, and if you don't come to Him now? Years ago you saw the story, maybe, how a vessel was wrecked not very far from the Atlantic coast. For days rescuing crews were picking up starving men and women lashed to floating timbers.

One Captain, with glass to eye, said suddenly: "Down with the life boats—rush! Yonder in this awful sea, drifting towards the rocks, I see a woman lashed to timbers; I think there is a child in her arms." As they struggled on over the waves, now on the crest and now in the trough of the sea, suddenly a sailor said: "Listen, mates, the woman is singing in a sea like this." Over the crest of another wave, and down again into the trough of the sea! And when they came near enough they saw her there, her baby in her arms, strapped to the floating timber, looking up into the face of heaven and singing:

Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly!

On and on they came, nearer to her; over another crest of seething water and now again into the sea, until they heard the woman singing again:

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.

Sinner, you are out on life's wide, wild sea. You are being dashed toward the rocks of death and desolation. There is no refuge for you anywhere except in the bosom of the Lord Jesus Christ, and if you will say to-night, no matter what the past has held, "I anchor my soul in the haven of rest; I will sail the wide seas no more," you can say what every anxious soul has said who ever came to the only Refuge:

Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find.

There is no other refuge but Jesus Christ. Will you sing the song the woman sang out on the raging sea:

Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O, receive my soul at last.

How long have you waited? How long will you yet wait?

You may not wish to join this church, but come to-night, acknowledging your sin and that there is no other refuge but Christ. Say now, "I anchor my soul in Him." If you want to join this church,

Speak to the pastor. If not, read your Bible and go where it leads you.

Christian, will you speak to the unsaved one by your side? Some twenty-five or thirty said the other night: "I will speak to this one or that one about their souls." Speak now. There is nowhere else to go. If you confess Him before men, He says He will confess you before His Father and the angels in Heaven.

Oh, the tragedy of seeing a man or woman living within the shadow of the temple, within the sound of the music of the church bells, within the radiance of the life of happy, conquering Christians, triumphant in life and death and yet living without God and without hope! Sinner, there is no other refuge but Christ. Won't you come? Thank God for this noble young man that has stepped over the line, saying, "I am ready to acknowledge my sin and to take Christ Jesus as my Saviour."

There's a great day coming—
Are you ready for the Judgment Day?

THE MORNING *

It is Morning now!

The long sad night is fairly past—
The gloom that was too dark to last—
For Light was born from Throne of Love,
And Beauty streamed from skies above
When Star that gemmed the arching blue
Shone bright in human bosoms, too.

The Morning reigns!

The dear dawn deepens into Day—
The shadows lift and flee away;
And hearts that let the Morning in
Are freed from mastery of Sin,
And Self, the witching tyrant, dies
Before the Saviour's tender eyes.

O Wondrous Morn!

I love the Light thy dawning brings—
More splendid than the throne of kings.
I love the homes made new and glad,
And hearts that sing—but erstwhile sad—
I love the Music brought to them—
O Hope! O Star of Bethlehem!

* Written for the Christmas (1907) Edition of *The Golden Age*.

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